Life

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

JUNE 3, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

TO those on the threshold of the busy years of maturity, Buick is suggested as the one car that gives transportation of a finer sort, at a cost that is truly economical.

The Better Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

CROSS TOWN OR CROSS COUNTRY — *it's all the same to a Marmon*

WHEN impatient America, fender to fender and hub to hub, is jamming and glaring, and fighting for every inch, notably the calmest one in traffic is the driver of a MARMON—and every Marmon owner knows *why*. • • • Just as calm, just as completely carefree and unconcerned, is the owner of a Marmon sitting on the uppermost rim of the world, where ages are moments and miles mean nothing.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY • INDIANAPOLIS

The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile"

WESCOTT SOLES

ITS *wrinkled surface and cotton fibre give it unusual traction*

Sportsmen

will favor shoes with WESCOTT SOLES because of the many advantages they offer. The golfer and yachtsman will appreciate their extraordinary gripping power, while the tennis player will find their extreme lightweight a valuable aid to his footwork.

This superior outdoor sole is a blending of selected cotton felt and unvulcanized latex rubber securely attached by the GOODYEAR WELT PROCESS.

The Sole of Quality
For Shoes of Distinction

United Shoe Machinery Corporation

Selling Agents

205 Lincoln Street USMC Boston, Massachusetts

Seeing America First

MENTION Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park or the Grand Canyon to the flivver owner who drove his car across the continent and he will probably recall having heard those names before. Ask him what he saw on his tour and he will describe to the last detail:

The place where gas was thirty-eight cents a gallon.
The polite traffic cop.
The thirty-four detours.
The weather for twenty consecutive days.
The mud-hole he avoided.
The mud-hole he did not avoid.
The eighteen cars he saw from his home State.
The hill where he passed an "eight."
The hot-dog vendor who short-changed him fifteen cents.
The rusty nail that caused his one puncture.
The other good driver he saw on the road.

Bill Sykes.

That Fellow Feeling

"MY dear, I won't have you giving to these street beggars. They are all fakers, too lazy to work. I make it a point never to give them a cent." T. Jefferson Tompkins pulled his wife away from her object of charity.

"Haven't you any fellow feelings?" she asked.

T. Jefferson Tompkins was six feet four inches of health and enthusiasm; all his life a human dynamo with never an ailment. But one day T. Jefferson Tompkins was seized with an attack of gout. He suffered unspeakable tortures. His wife chose to ignore it. His daughter was too busy to take much notice. His friends seemed to think it very funny.

On the third and worst day of his affliction T. Jefferson Tompkins painfully extracted himself from his limousine in front of his office and, hobbling across the sidewalk, ran into a beggar who was slowly shuffling along with a tray of pencils.

The beggar had one foot all bound up. He looked at T. Jefferson Tompkins' foot and then said quietly, "Hurts like hell, don't it, pard?"

T. Jefferson Tompkins smiled for the first time in three days, handed the beggar a dollar and said, "Would you mind coming around to-morrow and saying that again?"

D. H. Brown.

Just in Time

BESS: He's no good!

JUNE: He never *was* any good!

AUDREY: And he's just had a million left him.

BESS: I was just kidding.

JUNE: So was I.

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BLACK · STARR & FROST

That slender band of engraved platinum, the wedding ring, because of what it means and the associations that surround it, becomes more precious than any other.

When our shop was young, the wedding ring was a formidable piece of jewelry. During five generations we have seen an evolution from the heavy gold band of 1810 *to the narrow circle of platinum, often set with diamonds. But always with a symbolism that is unchanging.*

JEWELERS FOR 116 YEARS

FIFTH AVENUE · CORNER 48TH STREET · NEW YORK

PACKARD

THE Navy and Army together have honored Packard with orders for new aircraft engines totaling nearly four million dollars. The new motors, proven supreme by exacting government tests, are a tribute not only to Packard leadership in power plant engineering but also to the vision and sympathetic cooperation of those men who bear the responsibility of our national defense. ▰ ▰ Packard's motor building supremacy is as available to the private citizen as to the United States government—in the Packard Six and the Packard Eight. *Ask The Man Who Owns One.*

MAY 29 '26
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Life

"ANOTHER TOUGH THING ABOUT THIS GRADUATION BUSINESS, JOE—WE'LL HAVE TO WEAR CIVVIES AGAIN!"

"Yes, Yes"

EMPLOYER: What made you hire that new assistant sales manager? He doesn't seem half bright to me.

SALES MANAGER: Yes, chief, but did you notice what a fine conference face he has?

IT is about time the tire manufacturers got together and promoted Bigger Blowout Week.

Great Expectations

1926. June

"A DEGREE at last! I'm not going to get into a rut like most graduates. I shall always be a foe of materialism, a friend of the oppressed classes. Business will always be secondary. I intend to read at least two hours a day; one must develop one's mind."

1926. September

"Europe was wonderful—especially Zelli's. And now for a job."

1927. June

"If I get that raise to $22 I can see a few more movies."

1929

"Pulled off my first big deal to-day. Now for a little celebration at the Follies."

1936

"Remember, Anne, vote the straight Republican ticket. And by the way—I was just thinking—keep the kids out-of-doors more. I don't want 'em to develop into bookworms."

1945

"Smith, tell those fools down in the shipping department they don't get another cent. If they don't like our wages they can get a job somewhere else. Damn Bolsheviks!"

1950

"Shakespeare? Yeah. Pretty good man, wasn't he?"

1952

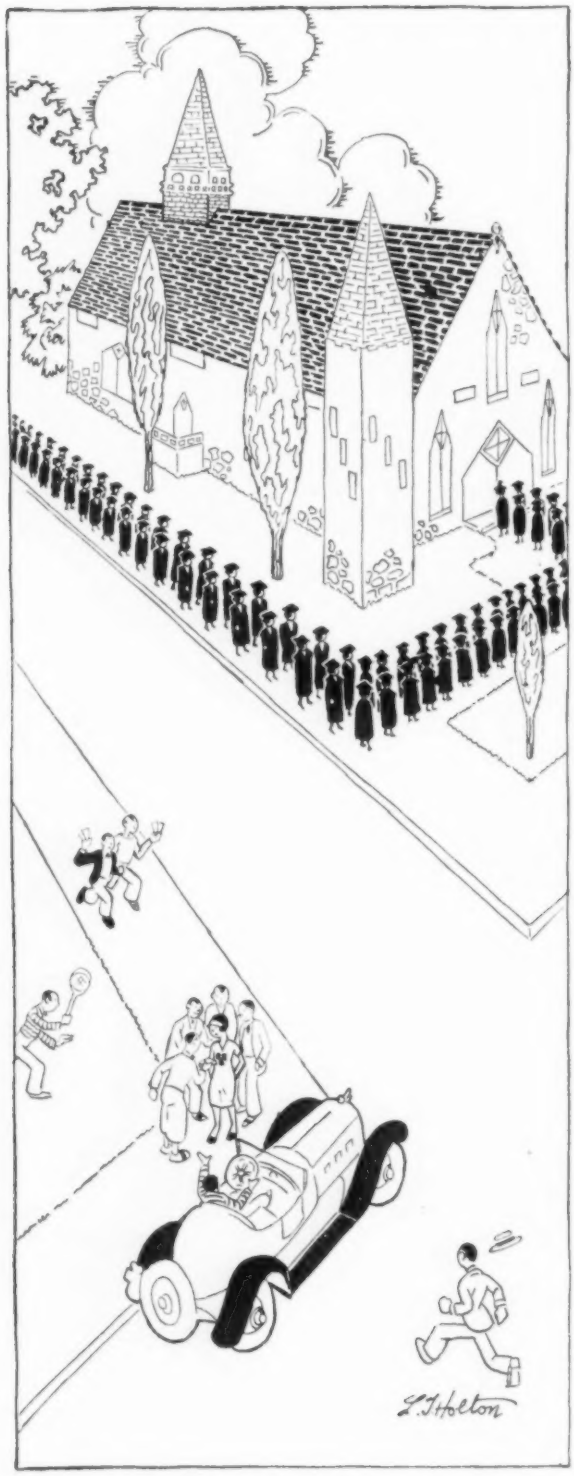
"Uh-huh. My son's a Junior now. Yeah. Youssed it. Can't get along without a college education nowadays. Polish an' all that sorta thing sure does help in business, don't it?"

Parke Cummings.

MADGE: So you don't read the picture papers?

MAY: No, dearie, but me for the tabloid bathing-suit.

Teacher: YES, YOUNG LADIES, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.
Flaming Youth: DOES SHE KNOW WHO THE FATHER WAS?

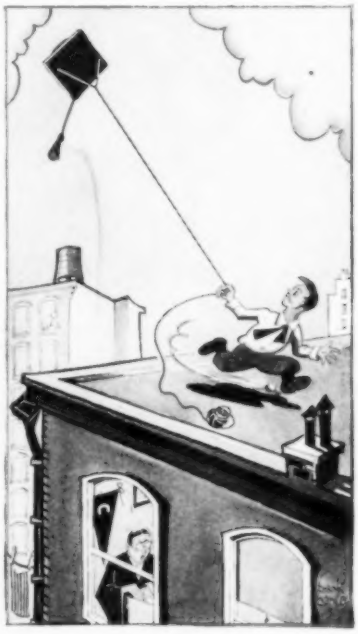


FIND THE GIRL WHO FLUNKED!

College Dance Chatter in the Gay Nineties

"BUT, Mr. *Malsey*, I simply *couldn't* sit out this two-step with you. I *never* can sit still when a Sousa march is being played. Oh, isn't it just *too* inspiring? You *must* dance it."..."Remember, you're still an underclassman and it's your duty to the chapter to give some of your time to the chaperons in our box."..."That girl in pink, Miss Twimp, simply doesn't fit in with the Kappa Snappa crowd. I saw her deliberately put rouge on her face, and she didn't much care who was looking when she did it."..."I hope you will forgive me, Miss Maquish, but, honestly, I don't waltz." ... "Don't get too near any of the 'chaps' with that 'boozy' breath of yours or you'll 'queer'* yourself for life."..."Nothing but two-steps and waltzes, waltzes and two-steps. You *would* think there might be a Lancers now and then."..."I know it. The waltz is beautiful and always will be, but I can't for the life of me see anything graceful about the two-step, and sometimes it seems to be going just a bit too far."..."Why, he was positively rude. He actually tried to stop us in the middle of the floor and finish the dance with me. I told Spencer I thought he had been drinking. He *certainly* owes me an apology."..."No, Mr. Espey, if you deliberately cut a dance with me, you can hardly expect me to give you another—no, not even an encore."...*Announcement from the Orchestra Leader:* "Ladies and gentlemen, the next dance, as you know, is a two-step—Number Twenty—'Stars 'n' Stripes Forever.' I am requested by the Committee to say that we will play five encores—five encores. Please don't ask for more because supper is to be served PROMPTLY AT ONE O'CLOCK."

C. Knapp.



WHILE DOWNSTAIRS BROTHER SEARCHED FOR HIS MORTARBOARD.

*Snappy in 1899.

The Few Last, Sad Rights

"YES, there is certainly more here than meets the eye," said the receptive heavyweight pugilist, noting that the same mitt on its next trip had perceptibly altered the contour of his beazer.

I Love to—

(Rondeau)

"I LOVE to," the fair maid replied,
When finally the youth had spied
Her sitting, and his luck essayed
By asking if she danced; the maid
Approved, and he was satisfied.

The music stopped, some one had sighed;
The youth asked, "Do you like to ride?"
Unthinkingly she answer made,
"I love to."

The roadster and the boy allied
Presented an alluring side
To outdoor sports requiring shade;
The girl, as yet quite undismayed,
Declared, with just a trace of pride,
"I love, too."

W. H. Keller.

Nearby Metaphysics

THE stars were kernels of corn scattered by a careless hand over a celestial hen-coop. The wind was a faint symphony played by a dreamy trio. The sky was a blue veil that hid them.

There was a great peace and a great silence, and motion was impaled upon a point of time. There was no reason nor logic, and all things were not as they were. Bullets halted in mid-air and refused to pass a given point. Straight lines stretched out to Infinity, but there was no Infinity and therefore there were no straight lines. This world was the best of all possible worlds because it possessed possibility plus existence. It was also logical to assume that other worlds were better, because they possessed possibility plus inexistence. But all this was inadmissible, because better was a variable.

A gold goddess rode a three-legged centaur through the heavens. She was like blown flame on tear-wet cheeks. She was purple wine on marble thighs.

A poet and a philosopher were discussing things in a lunch room on Sixth Avenue. *Hans Hansl.*

College Chums

JOHN JONES: Well, well, well, if it isn't old Ralph Smith!

JIM BROWN: Why, hello, Roy! Haven't seen you in a long time!

THIS garters-around-the-neck hint in the ads. is intended for men, but it seems to have given the girls an idea.

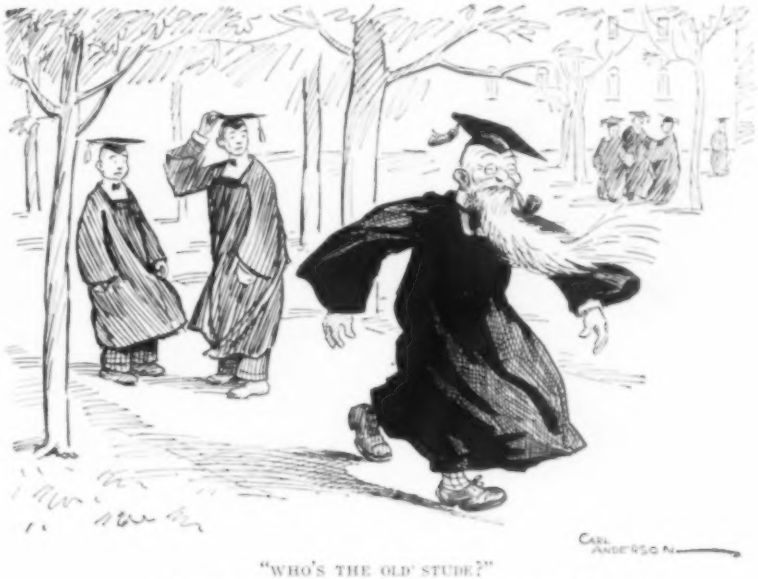
Sophomore: CAN YOU GIVE ME A LIFT?
Junior: SORRY, OLD CHAP—WE'RE CROWDED TO CAPACITY.

The Modern Juliet

"She Speaks Yet She Says Nothing"

"PEANUT BUTTER? How perfectly REVOLTING! WHAT? No COCKTAILS? Honestly, my dear, I can't survive a minute longer without a drink. Who in Heaven's NAME is the HUGE female with Willie? Positively, my dear, I shall go MAD if something doesn't happen. Every year I VOW I'll never come on another of these obnoxious picnics. Will you PLEASE look at what they're doing now, my dear! Oh, HONESTLY, I SIMPLY can't STAND it!...Why, of course, Mr. DePystergaz, I'd simply ADORE to enter the potato race. What a perfectly CORKING idea!"

Lloyd Mayer.



"WHO'S THE OLD STUDE?"
"OH, HE'S A POST-POST-POST-POST-GRADUATE."

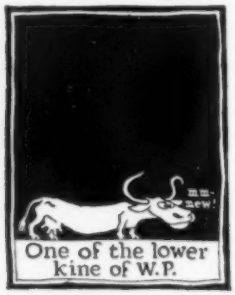
CONCERNING SIMON

The Kid Himself.

When Junior Simon Pewer
grabbed the rattler from his ville
for Gadgett University
the birds were hushed(1) and still;

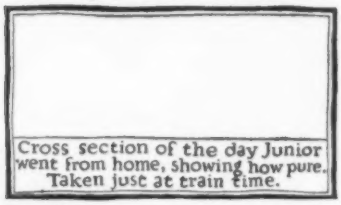
One of Weasel Prairie's hushed still birds.

the lowing kine forgot to low,
nor slipped it into high,
when Weasel Prairie came to bid
its model son(1)(1) good-bye!



One of the lower kine of W.P.

His fond and doting Momma
plastered kisses on his dome—
"Now Juneyer, come back Pewer
as the day you went from home!"



Cross section of the day Junior went from home, showing how pure. Taken just at train time.

But Poppa spit and grumbled
that the young seraphic squirt
was too doggoned angelic
and so (2) gasted good he hutt.

However, Poppa perkled
when the kid wrote home for jack
—he knew his angel baby
must be hoofing off the track,

An angel hoofing off the track.

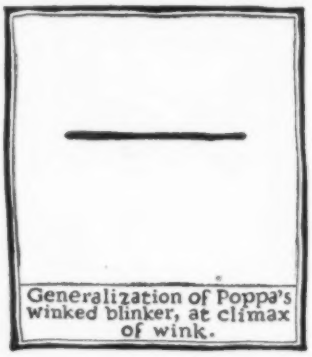
with prayers for more mazuma,
"just for textbooks and supplies."
"Thank God the kid is human,"
said his dad, "he's telling lies!"

Poppa's exuberance at the discovery of the brat's perfidy.

Vacation landed Junior
back again amongst the sticks,
his pan so good and pure
that his dad suspected tricks.

Poppa smells a rat.

"Got quite a lot of volumes
in your bookcase, ain't you, Si?"
"Yes, Poppa!" answered Simon,
and his senior winked, "Me eye!"



Generalization of Poppa's winked blinker, at climax of wink.

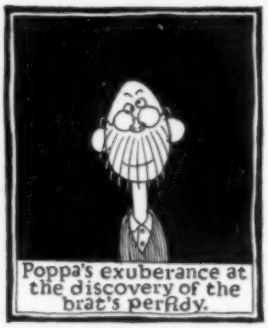
1492 B.C.
1492
1861
1961

Four Years! (These four years were picked at random, tis true, but what's that to you?)

Four years of this ere Junior,
with his sheepskin in his digits
and countenance so smug it
fairly gave his dad the fidgets,

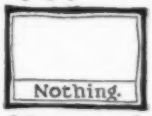
Action chart of a technically perfect case of fidgets.

returned to Weasel Prairie
with a cool carload of books
on How To Think For Others
And Control Their Acts And Looks.



Poppa's exuberance at the discovery of the brat's perfidy.

"It's true, then!" groaned his Poppa,
"You deliberately spent
on super-sanctimony
all that joy-jack I sent!



Nothing.

I sort of hate to do it, but
I might as well as not—"
And in spite of Momma's arguments
he croaked him on the spot.

(1) pause, full of feeling. (2) dod.

"DOES IT COST MUCH TO GO TO COLLEGE?"
"OH, THE ACTUAL EXPENSES FOR CLOTHES, LIQUOR, FLOWERS, CANDY AND FOOTBALL TICKETS AREN'T SO BAD. IT'S THE INCIDENTALS, LIKE TUITION AND BOOKS, THAT KNOCK YOU OFF."

Perfect Love and Understanding

"YOU fellows have been grumbling because you have to work nights. Do you know why you're working nights? To show the president of this firm that we are grateful to him, that we appreciate what a fine, square-shooting man he is, and we want to do our part in putting the company over. We ought to be proud to be able to work for a man like Mr. Jones. He's a real bang-up he-man with red blood in his veins. He's built this company up by the sweat of his brow and the alertness of his clear, clean brain....And another thing, don't forget that times are hard and you birds that have been gassing and talking against working nights wouldn't get a job so easily if we had to kick you out for the good of the company. We don't want to have to fire any one. Mr. Jones is always sorry when that is necessary. We want you boys to put your shoulders to the wheel. Remember, the ones that will get ahead are the boys with the wallop. ...Business has been slow and the overhead is tremendous. You don't know how hurt and wounded our beloved president was when he saw the figures for February....Now let's cut out this Bolshevism, boys. Let's grow up and get down to business....All together, now, boys, for pep. P-E-P, *pep!*...And don't think that your efforts will be unappreciated by Mr. Jones. He'll thank you in person as soon as he gets back from Europe."

14848 *Bob Landry.*

DIPLOMA—CY

Utility First

YOUNG SENIOR (*to college president*): I— that is, we— that is, the graduating class thought that inasmuch as our diplomas are supposed to be sheepskin, couldn't they be made up in a useful form this year—like handbags, or traveling slippers, or cigarette cases, or something?

EARLY BIRD: What, no worms out yet? That's what I get for adopting that Daylight Saving Plan.

MAROONED

Ysobel (in the old swimmin' hole): YOO-HOO, CLARICE! BRING ME A BARREL, WILLYA?

Clarice: WHY?

Ysobel: I LEFT MY GARTERS ON THE BANK AND SOMEBODY STOLE THEM.

Class Reunion

THE determined and not altogether successful effort to recapture the lustiness of your undergraduate days....The interminable round of drinks, some good, some not so good. ...The former roommate who insists on showing you photographs of the children when he isn't explaining the intricacies of the celery business.... The Professor of Anthropology who looks exactly as he did when you took Anthropology 1 in 1910....The class dub, now president of a hundred-million-dollar corporation....The bleary, bathos-oozing speeches about "the good old days...." The shock when at least six people inform you that you're getting slightly bald and just a bit chubby....The banquet topped off by a fervent appeal for subscriptions for the lacrosse team....The most brilliant man in your class, now tenth vice-president of a bank in Coggins Cove, Maine....That sudden tired feeling....The strong suspicion that you'll be comfortably at home when the commencement exercises begin day after tomorrow. *Robert Lord.*

THE boy who used to put tacks on the teacher's chair now steals his wife's cigarettes.

The Ivy Ode

(The Ivy Orator steps nervously to the center of the throng, clears his throat, and reads from a sheet of paper on the back of which can be plainly seen the words, "Taft Scrap Tablet.")

"GOOD-BY, old school, good-by, good-by,
Good-by, good-by, good-by.
Our carefree days are nearly o'er,
And we must bid good-by.
So now we plant this graceful vine,
This sprig of ivy green—"

(Takes sprig of ivy from the Class President, who has been carrying it for three days in his pocket, wrapped up in a handkerchief.)

"In hopes that during future years
Forever 'twill be seen."

(Digs hole in ground and plants ivy, which falls over and dies.)

"So may our lives, like this green shoot,
Climb on to glory high."

(Senior Class look self-conscious.)

"The road of life is beckoning;
Good-by, old school, good-by."

(General applause and muffled cheers from relatives in the audience.)

Norman R. Jaffray.

A Radiophone Conversation, A.D. 2026

"WHY, hello, Mabel! Certainly, I've been here all evening. Yes, this service is terrible. Oh, I bought the quaintest antiques to-day, a solid aluminum frying-pan with the cutest little dents in it. No, the handle is gone, but it only cost me fifty-seven dollars, and it looks just darling on the mantelpiece with that sweet old derby hat. Absolutely! The dealer said that the hat was 'way over a hundred years old, and it has the most unusual perforations in the top. And I've got the greatest surprise for Henry's birthday. You must not breathe a word of it, but I bought three labels that had come from some canned food. The lithographs from the peach and tomato cans are the finest I've ever seen, but the beet label is faded and watermarked. The dealer let me have them for just what they had cost him—twenty-three-fifty apiece. So nice of you to have called. Good-by."

P. R. Garrison.

No Odds

"WILL Kelly survive the operation, or will he die?"

"Th' chances are fine, either way!"

Millennial Commencement Speech

"YOUNG men, you are about to go out into the world. This statement is decidedly obvious, but it seems requisite in all commencement speeches. Besides, having little to say, I may as well take up your time by statements which are accurate, however inane. I am delighted that I was asked to speak at this great college—very deeply moved, in fact. An honorary degree—but why let the cat out of the bag so soon? When I received my invitation I managed, after a fairly long search, to discover some one who had heard of this college, and could direct me to its hallowed precincts. Why are all college campuses 'hallowed precincts'? I suggest that one of your illustrious Phi Beta Kappas make a research in the matter.

"I am here to tell your class that it will, by its own concerted efforts, revolutionize the entire course of human progress as soon as, to use the old bromide again, it gets out in the world. Speakers in 1925 said the same to the graduating class here—and elsewhere. Ditto 1924. Ditto 1903—if this college is that old. As I look over your youthful countenances, a group of physiognomies, I may say, fairly representative of any American college graduating class, I am tempted to doubt the accuracy of such a statement. However, by the law of averages, there must be several reasonably intelligent individuals in your group who will, in course of time, become notorious if not famous.

"Gentlemen, after a summer in Europe—ostensibly for the purpose of assimilating culture—you will be hunting jobs, losing them, keeping them, and forgetting all you ever learned at this institution. Those of you who find the going too stiff will become famous authors by bitterly denouncing American materialism. But the large majority of you will become immersed in Big Business, happily content to let 'Progress,' if there is any such thing, take care of itself. My best wishes to your kind. Go into business to make money. But such advice, I am sure, is superfluous. High-minded idealists to the contrary, good hard cash is everything—not only in this country and these times, but in all countries in all times. It will get you everything: fame, respect, leisure, and an honorary degree at some other college after you have been—sorry, gentlemen, but here it comes again—out in the world for thirty-five years, as I have been. I thank you for your well-simulated attention."

Parke Cummings.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

SHE left him without a word.

Another Experiment

JULIUS: What happened to this joint ownership scheme of municipal government?

CÆSAR: The joints got the upper hand.

SUB-FLAPPER SISTER (*to graduated brother on Class Day*): Pull up your socks, George! You're an alumnus now.

NOTHING TO HER

"UNPOPULAR, ISN'T SHE?"

"MY DEAR—SHE HASN'T A SINGLE AUTOGRAPH ON HER SLICKER!"

CLEANED OUT

Old Grad (returning from commencement festivities): YOU'RE TOO LATE, BOYS—I'VE SUBSCRIBED TO ALL THE ALUMNI FUNDS I CAN AFFORD!

"SO YOU ARE GOING INTO YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS NOW YOU'VE GRADUATED? I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HAVE A PRETTY SOFT TIME THERE."
"NO, INDEED. I'M GOING TO START RIGHT IN AT THE BOTTOM AS ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS."

The Book of Etiquette

How to Phone Your Bootlegger

IF one is to give a party, or, as we purists say, "throw" a party (and who isn't?), it is highly important that all the little *nuances* (Fr.) of social etiquette be observed meticulously. And what is more essential than that one's bootlegger be informed of the occasion in the manner sanctioned by all of us prominent social lions? Echo answers, Nothing.

Very well, then. Take a taxi to some distant point and enter a cigar-store telephone booth. You will have previously devised a secret service code with your bootlegger. After getting him on the wire, if at all, you say:

"Is this CD-81? MJP-246 speaking. In what year was the Brooklyn Bridge completed?"

To which he replies:

"Yes, Cousin Grace is doing nicely."

Translated, this means that nobody is listening in and the agents have been squared to date, so everything is all jake. You proceed:

"Suppose A can saw twice as much wood as B in a given time and the Washington Monument is one and three-eighths larger than the one at Bunker Hill. Then how many cities the size of Worcester, Massachusetts, would it take to fill the East River?"

This, of course, is code language for: "Can you get a case of Scotch over to-night, and will you accept a check because I'm a little short of cash?" If his answer is "Martin Van Buren," it signifies that matters are hunky. If, on the contrary, he says, "Johnny Kilbane," it indicates that he is all out of Scotch and will gin do just as well? The conference is then terminated, and all that remains for you to do is to make sure you have a plentiful supply of bromo-seltzer for the next morning.

Another method, slightly simpler, but less favored socially, is to say:

"Hey, Charlie, this is Joe. Get a case of whatever you've got on hand around to the house by seven-thirty, will you?"

Tip Bliss.

Phyllis Learns to Drive

"I DON'T think a girl can possibly get a real working knowledge of motoring in less than two or three dozen lessons, do you?"

* * *

"Don't you just love the lonesome country lanes? I mean, don't you think I can concentrate better away from traffic?"

* * *

"Let's not hurry about my shifting gears. Can't you just sit up close and reach them for me?"

* * *

"You say advancing the sparking makes everything go faster? Well, that's natural, isn't it? Do you think we're going too slow?"

* * *

"Can you see my clutch foot all right? I guess my skirt isn't in the way!"

* * *

"Will you take it awhile so I can rest? I just adore your driving. Oh, faster than that! Show me what the old can will do."

C. L. Funnell.

"I CAN'T *stand* HIM—HE OFFENDS ME!"
"UNINTENTIONALLY, PERHAPS?"
"EXACTLY! OTHERWISE, I'D RATHER LIKE HIM!"

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Bright College Years

WITHOUT being entirely comprehensive, the list below will furnish the non-college man or woman with the equivalent of a four-years' academic course as digested by the college graduate. Youth under the stars, the thrill of an awakening Greek spirit, you will have to get for yourself. What do you want for fifteen cents?

Latin—Integer vitæ, scelerisque tumty-tum....Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum something or other.

Geometry—The square on the hypotenuse, no—the sum of the squares, no—on a right-angled triangle, take the squares, no—well, something like that.

Algebra—Let x equal the unknown quantity. Then you have $2x + 14y = 38z$. Then you solve for x. See?

Trigonometry — Secant, cosecant, cotangent, cosine. This won't help you in the bond business.

Economics—Well, you have supply and demand. And when the demand exceeds the supply you have inflation. Besides, if the professor knew what it was all about, he'd be cleaning up in Wall Street, instead of trying to get along on $2,400 a year.

French—Oui oui. Cherchez la femme. La vie est vaine, un peu d'amour. Voulez vous...

English and Comparative Lit.—Boccaccio's "Decameron." James Joyce's "Ulysses." "The Arabian Nights." Balzac, Rabelais and De Maupassant.

Philosophy (elementary)—You can fool some of the people all of the time. You can fool all of the people some of the time. Therefore you can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time. This is called a syllogism.

Philosophy (advanced)—Life is what you make it. The only thing worth while is happiness.

History—Julius Cæsar was a wild old geezer, he carved Aphrodite without any nightie and he's the kid that built the pyramid.

Psychology—A baby will always look at red first because it's the brightest color.

Chemistry — H_2O...H_2SO_4. A single bubble of arsine will cause instant death. Anyway, you've got to fake your experiment notes or they won't come out right.

Physics — I didn't take physics.

Henry William Hanemann.

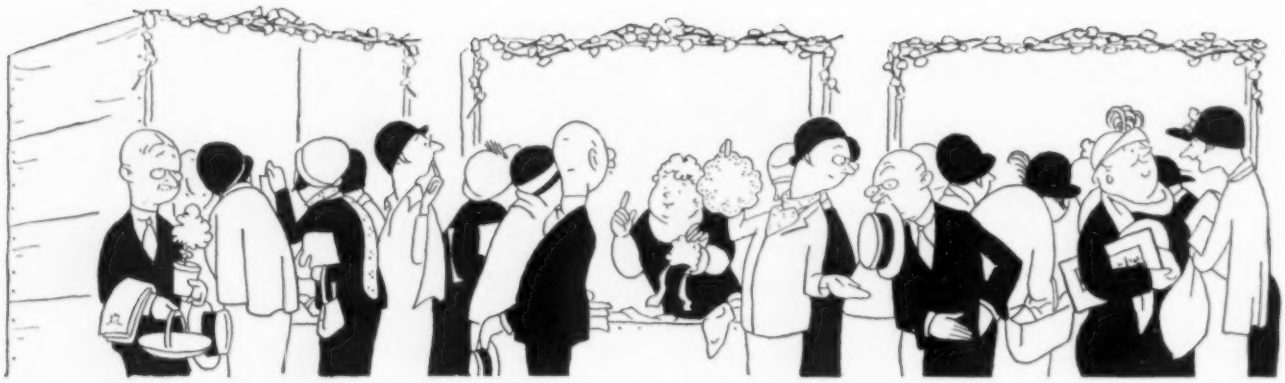
AFTER COMMENCEMENT

"AND NOW—FOR BUSINESS!"

Just Boys

"MY Daddy can make lots of money!"

"I'll bet my Mamma could spend it!"



The Younger Married Set

By George S. Chappell

IV. The Ladies' League Fair

YOU may have heard a good deal of crashing and banging over at the Country Club lately but don't be alarmed. It isn't anything but our steward, Hugo Zinss, who is trying to get the place redded up after the Ladies' League Fair, which happened last Thursday.

The Fair is one of the things that we take smilingly, no matter how painful; it is for such a worthy object, the "Bide-a-Bit Home" for city kiddies who need pepping up. It is our own pet charity and pretty nearly everybody shells out as generously as possible. Of course this gives them the right to criticize a bit. They've paid for their knock and are entitled to it.

It was her knowledge of this right that prompted Mrs. Bemis to say the other day, "I wonder sometimes if it does the children any good. Two weeks seems such a short time...of course, they stay out in the sun and get burned but sunburn doesn't mean health. It just looks healthy. I'd rather have a pale, well child than a red, sick one."

"Your Luella is pale enough," said Mrs. Libby, who has a maternal interest in every one, a sort of Schumann-Heink complex. "But of course it helps those poor city mites. Think of the fresh air they get."

"What they need is fresh water," said Mrs. Bemis with a delicate shudder.

But all hands joined nobly and worked like fiends for the success of the Fair, as they always do. For this is the great feminine event. All that is asked of the men—a mere nothing—is that they supply their wives with enough cash to buy one another's wares. Of course the males are urged to come; for the ladies know that for mopping-up purposes and the buying of left-overs they are unexcelled.

"Be sure and come out early," every wife told her mate, "and come straight to the Country Club. And bring some money."

"HE SOLD FOR SEVEN DOLLARS MRS. TUTTLE'S NEW HAT, FOR WHICH SHE HAD PAID FORTY."

Mrs. Libby is President of the League, just as her husband is President of the Club. It is a Libby year out our way. Willie Tripp says that the voice of the people cries, "Give me Libby or give me death!" So Mrs. Libby called a general meeting some weeks ago to get things started. The principal business was the formation of committees and the allotment of tables and departments.

THERE was just a little friction at the start between the League and Luther Pritchett, our treasurer. Luther, having nursed the Club through its shaky days, has never relaxed his vigilance. He meets every incoming dollar on the pier, so to speak. A house rule says that the charge for the exclusive rental of the Club shall be fifty dollars. When it was proposed to waive this in favor of the ladies Luther barked like a dog.

"Waive my shirt!" he said, coarsely. "You'll have to rescind the rule first. You're hog-tied."

The Board found a way out by charging the League the usual fifty and presenting them with a like amount. Curiously, this was perfectly satisfactory to Luther.

"That's business," he said. He has that kind of mind.

"Thank goodness, that's settled," said Mrs. Libby at her organization meeting. "What a jackass that Pritchett is. What does he do?"

"He's an actuary," volunteered Hattie Farwell.

"What's that?" asked several. No one knew.

AND so it went, hither and yon, as the dear things planned their annual assault on each other. At last the tables were allotted, with resultant objections.

"I don't see why I always have to be 'fancy work,'" protested Fannie Tuttle. "It's the most expensive table there is and the hardest to sell from."

"You weren't at the meeting, dear," purred Mother Libby, "and you did so well with the fancy work last year, we all thought..."

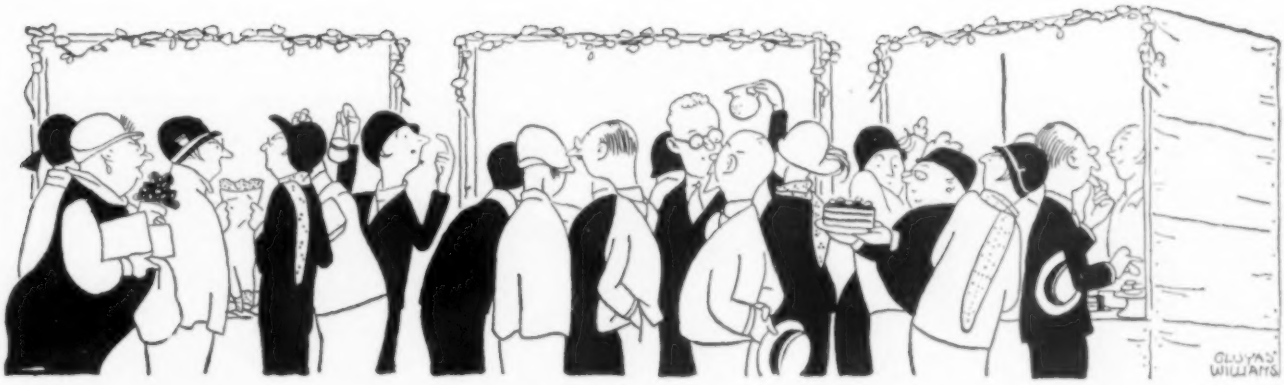
Under this palaver lies the fact that Fannie Tuttle has oodles and always buys everything she can't sell.

There was great argument as to whether the tables should be indoors or out on the terrace, but the "ins" finally won.

"I know it's lovely out-of-doors," said Mrs. Pettner, "but the weather is so terribly uncertain. Remember that year it rained and the red umbrellas ran into the lemonade and made everybody deathly sick?" The good soul ended with a shriek of amusement at the near-mortality among her friends.

"Let's have little booths inside," suggested the arty Mrs. Bemis, "with lots of dogwood to give an outdoor effect!"

This was voted a swanking idea and so it was arranged. Bert Hoofner, who only goes to town evenings to take in a fight or something, helped with the construction of



the booths while Steward Zinss stood in the offing and tore out what remained of his hair as the artisan drove nails in the maple floor. "He talked dotted Swiss at me," said Mr. Hoofner.

THE room, when completed, reminded Miss Flamm, in the *Bulletin*, "of a veritable woodland bower o'er which the graceful dogwood arched its ivory spatules." Miss Flamm, as you see, likes the unusual word. As a matter of fact the dogwood almost immediately turned the color of bad teeth and dropped all over the place. However, it was unnoticed in the press of kindly folk who flocked about the booths and overflowed onto the piazza, where tea, coffee and other refreshments were sold. For once the deadly locker room did not function furiously, though Handyman Hoofner made a few trips there as soon as some male companions arrived. The sale began at three. Motors packed the parking space and generous buyers packed the Club.

"What in the world is that?" cried Mrs. Vetch, holding up a straw dingus woven in screaming primary colors.

"Cuban chair-back," said Mrs. Pritchett, with a tinge of hauteur; "they're very smart for porch furniture."

The truth is that Luther bought fifty of these articles in Havana for ten cents apiece. They were his presents for all his friends. The remainder sold with great success for a dollar a throw.

Mesdames Coit and Brigham clashed lightly over a luscious chocolate cake studded with poisonous-looking green nuts, made by Mrs. Libby's own fair hands. They reached it, neck and neck, eyes glittering, but were polite enough to accept a Solomon's verdict of half a cake each. A rather tense atmosphere hung over what was called the "White Elephant" table, to which our ladies had contributed household objets d'art which they thought they could do without. Louise Hoofner thoughtlessly sent a Bohemian decanter and glasses (one missing) which the Pettners had given her as a wedding present. It was knocked down to Mrs. Pritchett for two-fifty while the donors, turning yellow, watched the sale.

"THANK Heaven, here come some men," said Lois Libby, who, with some of the younger set, had been trying with ill success to interest the matrons in Fatimas at Dimitrino prices. The market rose perceptibly with this added buying-power and the room soon began to look like a battlefield. This was where the invaluable Bert Hoofner was called to the front to auction off the residuum. Bert was irresistible.

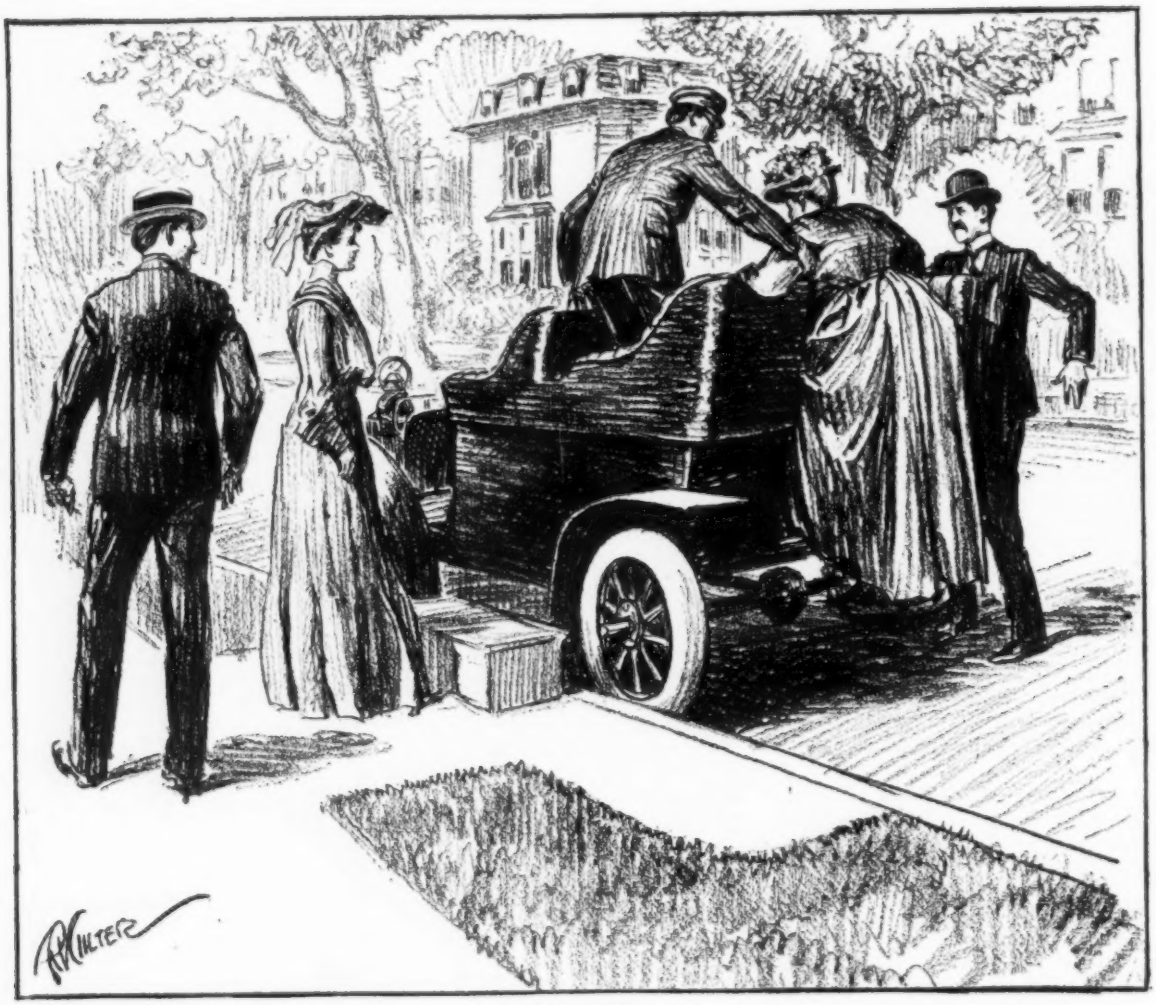
"I have here," he proclaimed, "a magnificent kewpie doll, artistically gowned by our own Madame Bemis and priced, ridiculously, at ten dollars! Mr. Libby, the look in your eyes tells me that you long for this little lady, to sit on your desk at the office. Or, if you do not care for her, give her to your stenographer. Sold to the handsome gentleman on the aisle for ten buckos! My next item..."

BERT'S method was not to ask for bids but to single out a victim and make him so prominent that he bought in self-defense. In this way he disposed of a vast amount of junk at fabulous prices—nothing was too large or small for this talented salesman. He did overstep the mark once. He sold, for seven dollars, Mrs. Tuttle's new hat, for which she had paid forty and which she had incautiously placed on one of the tables while she absented herself from the room. In the mêlée the purchaser was not noted, but Fannie was a good sport and wore one of the Cuban chair-backs in lieu of her own head-gear.

"KNOCKED DOWN TO MRS. PRITCHETT FOR TWO-FIFTY."

The net proceeds seem to be a little over twenty-five hundred dollars, a magnificent showing and by far the best we have ever made out our way. In addition, a lot of people have things which they will joyously offer for resale next year, or before if there is any bid. The only discomposed person is Steward Zinss, whose crashing demolition of the booths expresses his feelings. "Joost one tam ting after another," he mutters as he wrathfully wrenches out the nails. Life *is* rather complex for poor Zinss. Here the Men's Gala Gymkhana is looming up, right in his face, and he has to get everything spick-and-span by next Saturday. Gymkhana Day is a real whizbang. But I shall have to tell you about that all by itself.

(There will be further developments in the lives of the younger married set next week.)



THE GAY NINETIES

REAR DOORS IN AUTOMOBILES PROVE IMPRACTICAL.

Commencement Eve

IT was the evening before Commencement Day and Professor Riley had requested a few favorite members of the graduating class to meet him in his study.

"Gentlemen," he said, after they were seated, "to-morrow you will leave these walls forever and I shall put aside my mortarboard for a three-months' vacation. Before we part I have a few words to say. With you and men like you rests the future building-up of this great country and I hope that during your sojourn here each and every one of you has laid for himself the cornerstone of a happy and prosperous career. At least I know that your foundations are solid. It remains to be seen how well you will build. Gentlemen of the Kelly College of Bricklaying and Stone Masonry, good-by!" *Keith Crombie.*

"WHAT are you giving your son for Commencement?" "The last piece of my mind."

In the Balance

I NEED a war.

I hope the World War wasn't the last one.

It wouldn't have to be much of a war, even a small one would save my reputation.

Please, Mr. Kellogg, won't you insult Mexico, Japan, or Mussolini?

I'm ruined if America doesn't get into one more war pretty soon.

It is evident that my customers are beginning to lose confidence in me.

I am a bootlegger and they demand proof that it's pre-war stuff. *Gerald Cosgrove.*

Score One

TOM: She seems dumb.

DICK: Maybe so; but she has never interrupted a pleasant silence with "A penny for your thoughts."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 10th The early morning gone baiting my husband with questions, demanding to know what British general would rather have written Gray's Elegy than be successful in his military manœuvres, and who was the Mr. Reilly whose life was supposed to have been so felicitous, nor could he answer more than a fraction of them neither, and he did wax so impatient with me that he declared himself on the verge of consigning me to a girls' camp for the summer, where my physical and spiritual welfare would be guarded, companionship of a suitable age provided for me, and he ridded of a social responsibility which was becoming more onerous than he could endure. But I paid him no heed, and fell upon all the advertisements which have come through the mail the last few days to readdress them to Hetty Haskins, who has gone to a spa, and derives great satisfaction from a crowded mail box whilst she is stopping at an inn, regardless of the nature of its contents. *I* may know, says Hetty, that I am not receiving much beyond attractive vacuum cleaner, propositions or the sample menu of the newest restaurant in the neighborhood, but the mail clerk and the other guests will consider me a belle. And it did remind me of the time when Lydia Loomis went to Stockbridge and received daily during her stay three conspicuous-looking Jewish newspapers which Freddie Hammond ordered sent after her. Then to the kitchen to see how the new device for polishing silver is working, and astounded to learn that what the demonstrator said about it is true, for the most refractory-looking coat of tarnish disappears at the mere application of the plate, and I do believe that the man who contrived it has done almost as much for civilization as the inventor of the hairnet....This night I did have my dinner alone off a tray, to my great delight, Sam being pledged to a dinner which one of his clubs was giving for an imminent bridegroom. Dispatched him with secret misgivings, too, it being incredible to me how a man can go forth at eight o'clock and return but a few hours later with an entirely different set of ideas. But I did caution him if he had to be holpen home to bring up the brethren having him in trust, as I am always interested in curiosities.

May 11th My husband, poor wretch, in so low a state that I must needs have his secretary bring his mail to the house, and listen to false reproaches for having insisted upon his attending last night's festivities, which God knows I did not do, but there are moments in life when we are more up against it than was King

(*Continued on page 32*)

Small-Town Sub-Deb: HUBERT CERTAINLY CAN CHARLESTON.
Blasé Girl Friend: YEAH, I ALWAYS SAID COLLEGE WOULD BE THE MAKING OF THAT BOY.

SEPTEMBER—

Sequence

FOR want of a key-ring the key was lost, for want of a key the car was lost, and for want of a car the driver was knocked down and run over by another car while walking home.

Too Conventional

"SO you've thrown Ted over—why?" "Father asked him if his intentions were honorable and the poor boob said 'yes.'"

AND JUNE

JUNE 3, 1926 VOL. 87. 2274

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
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AFTER all, England survived the general strike and Mr. Baldwin has come out of it as great a man as Sinclair Lewis. The worst tragedy of the strike was apparently the blasting of the hopes of Erring-Brother Hearst that now at last it would bust England. Curiously, these same hopes echoed also from Italy, whence came expectations of British collapse or enfeeblement which would leave it easier for Mussolini or his successors to take charge of the world.

Curious, that! Following the strike one observes in the Sunday *American* (which has quite lively foreign news) a noisy communication from D'Annunzio to effect that it is time for Italy to resume the old Roman lordship of Asia Minor. Remarkable, and yet worth noticing, because the countries that see visions are quite apt to see Asia Minor included in them!

A new settlement of Asia Minor may be coming due. The French in Syria are not giving very general satisfaction, especially not to the Syrians. Perhaps it is their job that D'Annunzio would first take over. Then there is Jerusalem. Would he expect to get that too? The Romans had it, but there he would come up against the British-Israel idea that the British, being descendants of Jacob by way of the Lost Tribes, have come naturally and by inheritance to have charge of Jerusalem, and share it with Jews. Probably they are the best people for that employment. The whole story of the capture of Jerusalem by Allenby reeks with prophecy and fulfillment of destiny, and if Brother Hearst and the two Italian poets take charge there, the preliminary story may be worth telling.

But, as said, England survived the strike, Mr. Baldwin has won golden opinions from everybody and there is not much the matter with the world now except that Mexico is fighting the Catholic Church there, and there is a civil war in Poland, and business is bad again in Austria because of too much territorial division, and there has been a triangular Republican fight in Pennsylvania and the wets have won, and troops are out in China, and at various points in Africa, but none of those things will destroy mankind.

AT this writing the coal strike in England is not settled yet, but the purpose to settle it and really work out the problem of the English coal mines is so strong that that work will probably be accomplished. It is especially interesting to us because we also have a coal problem and one not entirely different from that of England and Wales. Plainly enough the work of reorganization is going on all over the world. The settlement of the British general strike was really a marvelous exploit, and while the credit for it is due most conspicuously to Mr. Baldwin, it is really due to the English people—their good nature, their restraint, their common sense. The peace that was won in that country was about as near a peace without victory as can happen. There was a victory, the general strike was beaten; but labor was not beaten and the diehards did not win. Mr. Baldwin has managed to personify the spirit and the intelligence which are looked to to save the world. He sees the essentials and has the power to separate them from the less important concerns and win support enough to save them.

EVERYBODY that went to the North Pole got home alive by his own efforts. Nome was disappointed because Amundsen did not keep his engagement with it and was quite vexed with him when he finally got there. Still Nome should remember that its feelings for the first time were matters of observation to the civilized world. She may have been left at the church, but everybody was notified.

The trouble with the North Pole is that there is no one to pay its advertising bills. Its great product so far has been news. When Amundsen and his Norge were lost they had the first page of the papers for three or four days. That was something, though matter-of-fact people will always wonder whether the North Pole is worth fetching into the family of nations.

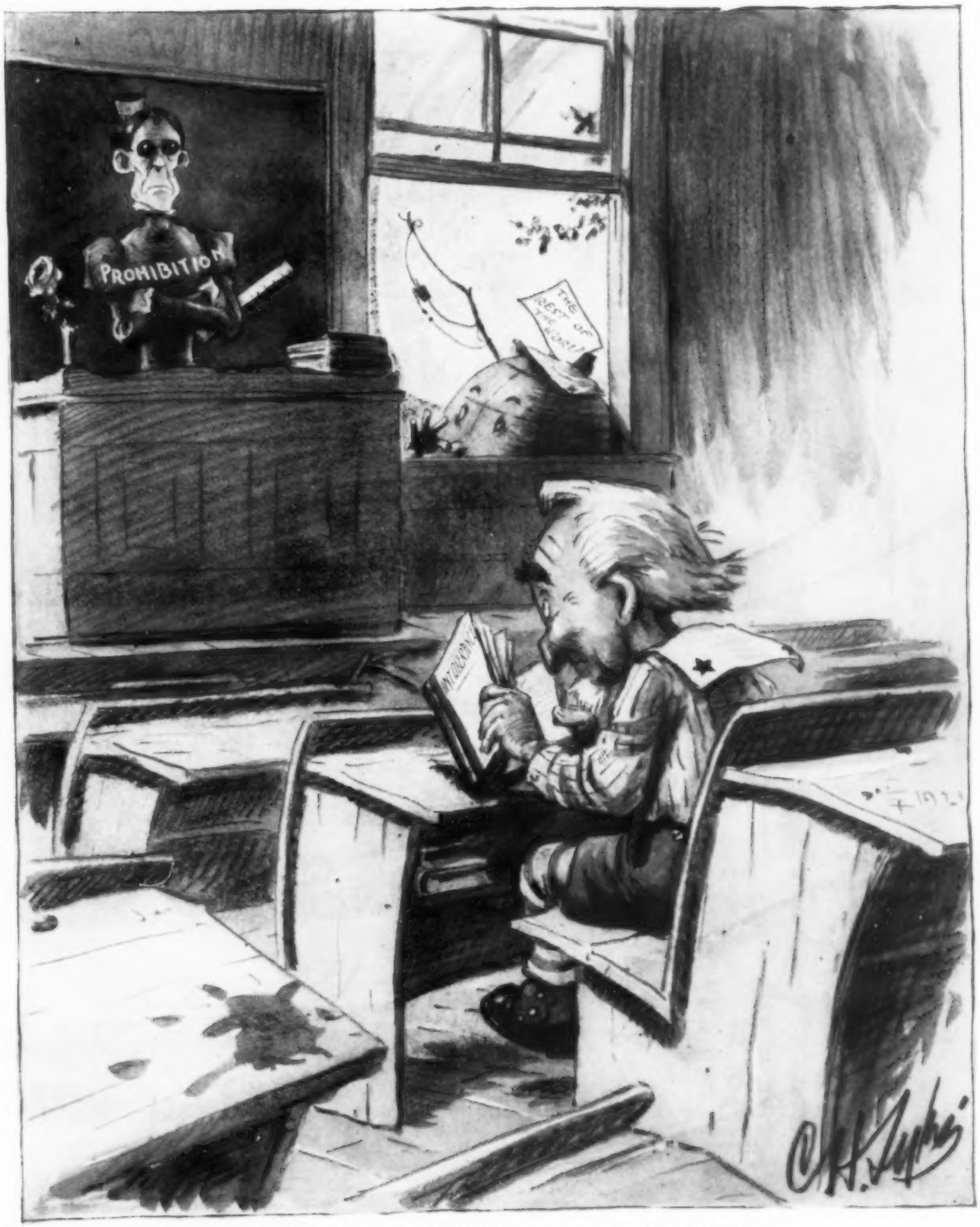
ONE of the gentlemen besides Dr. Manning who wants a new Volstead enforcement law in New York is Dr. Parkes Cadman, the rival of Brother Brisbane in the paragraphing business, and the President of the Federal Council of Churches. When asked the other day in his questions column in the papers if there was a master mind in the United States strong enough to guide this nation, Dr. Cadman replied: "Yes; there is one mind that towers above the average mind as Gibraltar towers over the Mediterranean Straits....Its owner under God is Elihu Root."

Since Dr. Cadman feels so about it, will he please to read these few words, to wit:

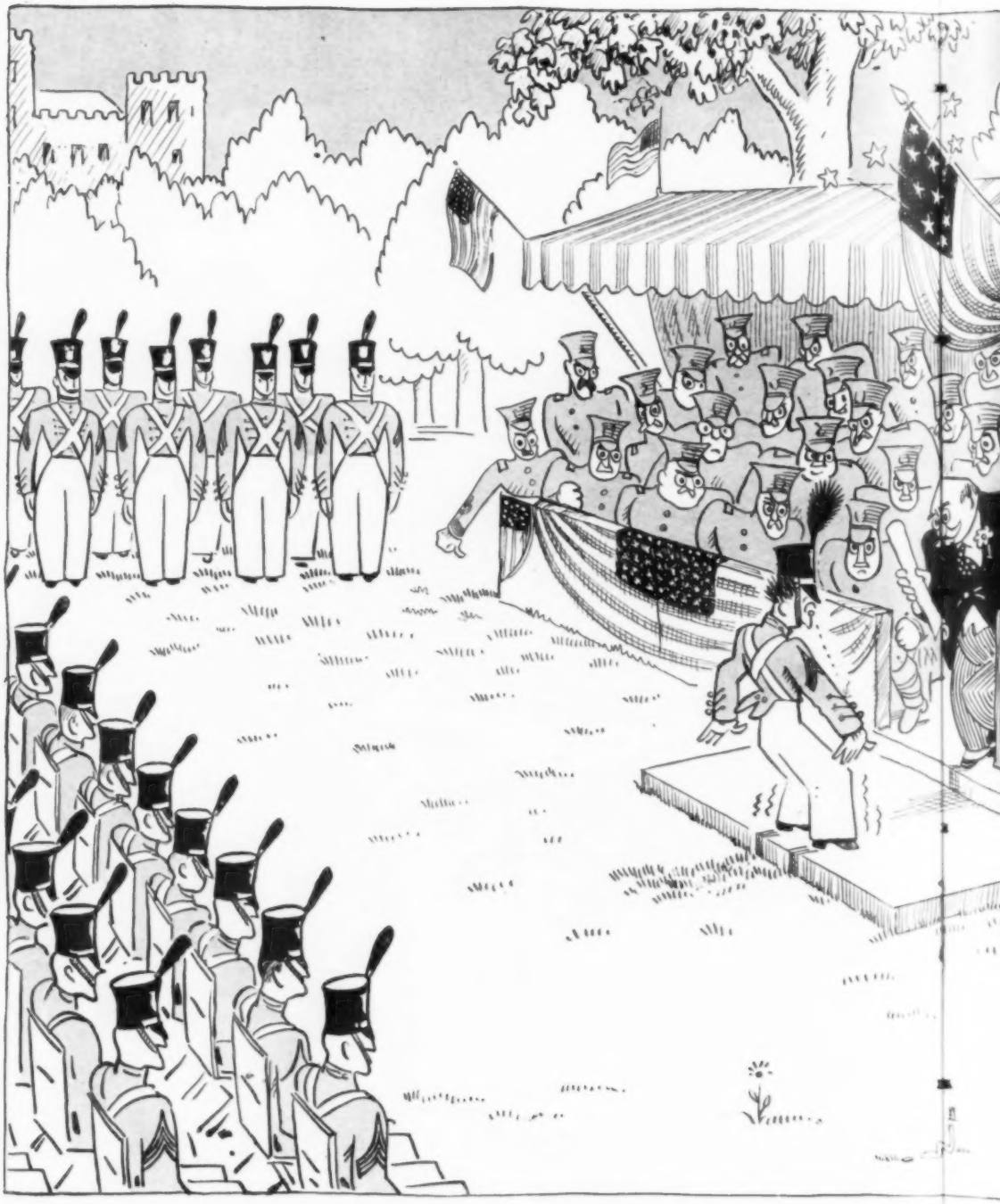
"I have from the beginning resented the Prohibition law mainly upon two grounds, one, that it was a perversion of the just powers of government and, therefore, a blow at all law, and the other that it was an ignorant interference with the growth of temperance by the voluntary acceptance of continually improving standards of conduct."

If Dr. Cadman had assurance that those were the words of Mr. Root, would it modify his desire for a new enforcement law in New York?

E. S. Martin.



"Ho, hum! Will he ever graduate?"



The Missing

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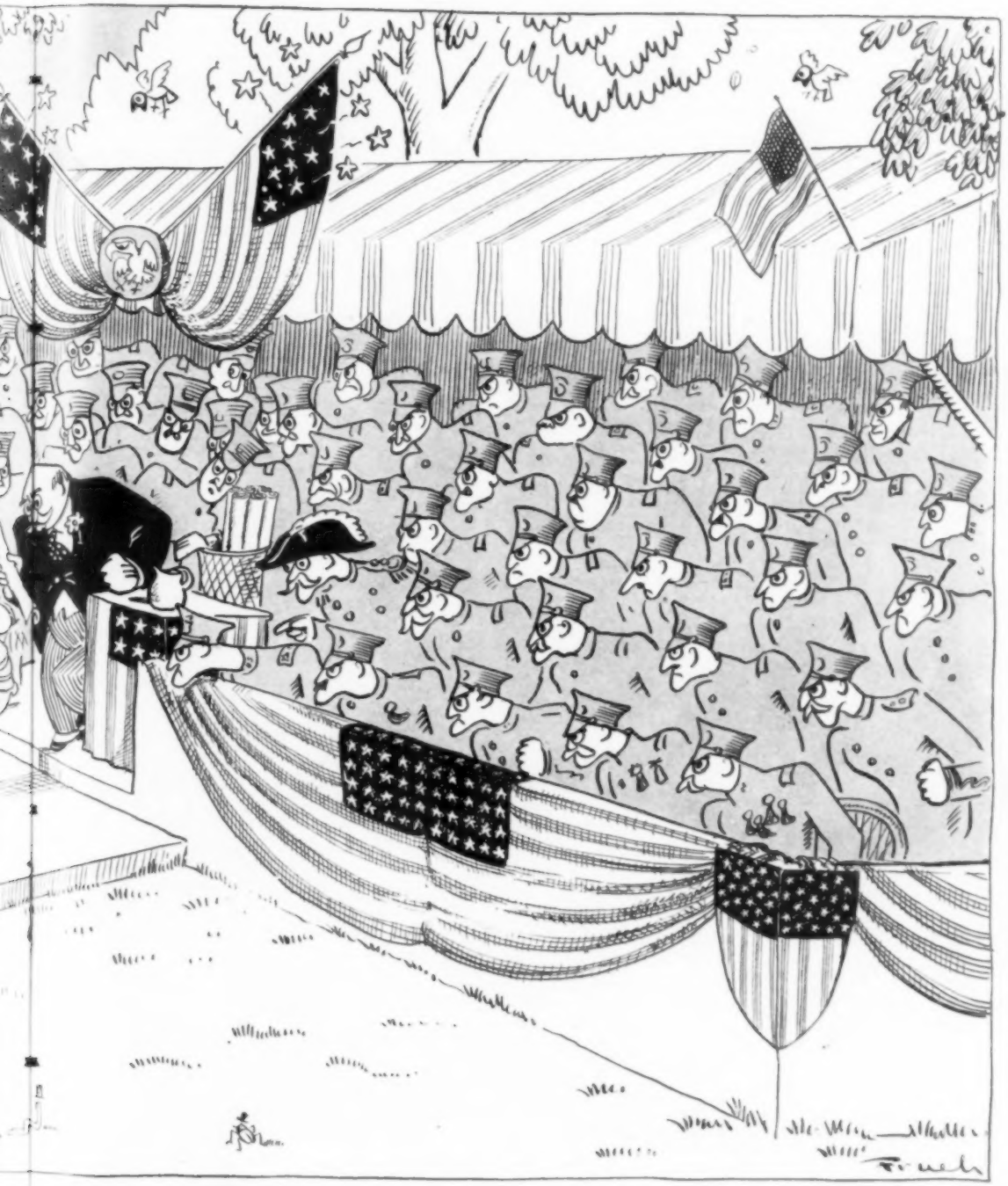

ssing **Button**

Confidential Guide

More or Less Serious

Bride of the Lamb. *Henry Miller's*—The tense tale of a lady who had some idea that what she wanted was religion, with Alice Brady.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—Now that this has won the Prix Pulitzer we hope that more wives will be less careful about their rugs.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—An impressive, and often intelligible, outline of Man's dual existence, by Eugene O'Neill.

Henry IV. *Knickerbocker*—An all-star production by the Players Club; this week only.

The House of Ussher. *Mayfair*—Hardly important enough to have brought uptown.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—George Jessel in something for tender hearts.

Juno and the Paycock. *Mansfield*—Irish comedy and tragedy in interesting blend.

Kongo. *Biltmore*—Not a Pulitzer play, but a lot of people seem to get excited at it.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Highly explicit account of a colored cocotte's rise and fall, with Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull at their respective bests.

Sex. *Daly's*—You must guess.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Shubert*—Florence Reed as the Chinese proprietress who took vengeance into her own hands, with cataclysmic results in the local sin market.

Square Crooks. *Maxine Elliott's*—Pretty near like the rest.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a fine play of youthful yearnings.

Comedy and Things Like That

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—The genial card-sharper still doing the Lord's work.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—Highly amusing upsets in a London boarding-house, featuring Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

The Importance of Being Earnest. *Ritz*—Showing that Wilde isn't entirely superseded by Arlen.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—Very funny tough talk.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Good Grade-B stuff.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—Clever crooked dealings, indulged in by such delightful people as Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. *Apollo*—A very nice play in every way, telling the story of young working people's affairs.

Love-in-a-Mist. *Gaiety*—Madge Kennedy bucking up a mild comedy considerably.

Not Herbert. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Crook melodrama with laughs.

One of the Family. *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell having boisterous trouble at home.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Pleasantly diverting.

Pomeroy's Past. *Longacre*—Excellent summer nothings, than which few things are harder to write. Made practically perfect by Laura Hope Crews and Ernest Truex.

Rose, Abie's Irish. *Republic*—Just to get it out of first place for a change. Suggested by a weary reader.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Barrie should be very grateful to Helen Hayes.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—A splendid fantasy which should be seen by every one except the professional hard-hearts.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Bunk of 1926. *Sam H. Harris*—We haven't seen this since it moved downtown. It seems to have acquired a professional tang which doesn't fit.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—The Marx Brothers involved in considerable laugh-making.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—You ought not to rebuke us for sending you to this. Puck and White head the cast.

The Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—A grand revival of a grand show.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Lots of dancing, but not much else.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—A satisfactory, if not edifying, evening.

Pinafore. *Century*—The old favorite in spectacular dress.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Large and Russian, with Tessa Kosta.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's*—This was a good show when we saw it as a boy, but a joke's a joke.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—A show with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue for which almost any price is fair.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—Still one of the best.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—For those who used to like the old-fashioned comic operas.

"YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF THIS HEMLOCK CUP, SOCRATES. IT'S PRE-TROJAN-WAR STUFF. I HAD IT ANALYZED AND I KNOW IT'S GOOD."

North and South

THE two summer shows which have already opened—"The Garrick Gaieties" and "The Great Temptations"—represent the two poles of revue-production (if we may use the word "pole" without infringing on any New York *Times* copyright).

"The Great Temptations" at the Winter Garden is a frank appeal to the roving and slightly bloodshot eye of the primate. "The Garrick Gaieties" is the last word in intimate and esoteric kidding. They probably will not compete; so there would be no sense in comparing them, yet each could learn something from the other.

THE things that the Messrs. Shubert could learn from the young folk at the Garrick are approximately legion. The Winter Garden show has lifted its stuff from every conceivable source—the Moulin Rouge in Paris, from which it gets its song hit "Valencia," costumes and all; the Fifth Avenue Club of New York, from whose superior cabaret it has stolen the stupendous Koster and Bial's number, and the sweepings from back-room floors whence come the ideas for its comedy sketches.

The Shuberts should know that right here in America young men are writing original music and high-grade lyrics like those of Messrs. Rodgers and Hart in the "Gaieties," and original comedy sketches like those of Benjamin Kaye, Newman Levy, Herbert Fields and Edward Hope, all of which get laughs without recourse to the offal container. After all, a sketch which gets laughs is better than a sketch which doesn't, even though it may be clean. And Mr. Shubert's little gems don't get laughs.

THE lesson for the enthusiasts at the Garrick is one which, with a few more years of success, they will learn for themselves. They could, however, hasten the process by observing carefully the methods of Mr. Jack Benny, the interlocutor at the Winter Garden.

Mr. Benny is possessed of that most important attribute for comedy—ease. He has an agreeable, but not *too* agreeable, manner. His countenance expresses his emotions in some mysterious manner without changing. He ambles on with a very good line of stuff, but whether you like it or not seems a matter of indifference to him. It is not that he is over-confident. Several of his remarks lie distressingly close to the footlights after delivery. Yet he takes it as just a part of the day's work. He does his best, but no more, and you may take it or leave it. It is something of the quality that Miss Luella Gear has (by the way, isn't it about time for Miss Gear?) and it bespeaks a cool and detached attitude of mind toward comedy which immediately gives the comedian the upper hand in his fight with the audience.

THE youngsters at the Garrick are not cool, and are several thousand miles from being detached as yet. They try very hard, and are self-conscious about it. It is only their second year, and they are apprehensive lest you think that they are not so good as last year. As a matter of fact, they aren't, but that is nothing to worry about. They are still good enough to take it easy, and that means very good indeed.

IT is interesting to note that the number which the Shuberts liked so well at the Fifth Avenue Club that they took it over, bag and baggage, as the saying goes, for the Winter Garden is one in which a chorus of large and buxom dames parade with spears in the manner of the old days at Koster and Bial's. This used to be considered pretty daring in the Nineteenth Century and nice people looked askance at these generously filled tights. In the present Winter Garden show, these old pioneers in display seem, in comparison with the other choruses, to be dressed in hoop-skirts and pantalettes. The number might almost be called "When Grandma Was a Girl" and played for sentiment to lend respectability to the show. The opening number of "The Great Temptations" is entitled, in a burst of transcendentalism, "Art Has No Frontiers." Mr. Shubert never spoke a truer word.

WE are not a savage department at heart, and are in favor of every man's earning his living in the way which seems best to him, but somehow the prospect of a series of summer shows, each with a team of bare-torso dancers, the male member of which goes about lifting his partner up high in the air by one stiffened leg, arouses in our heart just the faintest hope that some day soon one of these ladies will slip when she leaps into the arms of her big boy and bruise herself rather badly. One or two good accidents and there might be less of this sort of thing going on.

Robert Benchley.

Life's Travel Contest

JOAN WRITES THAT SHE VISITED THE TRENCH OF THE BAYONETS AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY WHERE GENERAL PERSHING SAID, "THEY SHALL NOT PASS."

LITTLE Miss Joan Kinley—sixteen and dumb—has visited the devastated area in France, and her impressions of the battlefields are described, in her own words, herewith. The observant reader will note that Joan is a trifle mixed in some of the facts—that her statements are slightly inaccurate. Watch for these mistakes, and correct them.

This is the fifth of Joan's eight letters. The contestant who finds and corrects the greatest number of mistakes in these letters, and writes the best three-hundred-word essay on "What I Shall See in Europe," will win first prize in the Travel Contest.

Read Joan's letter and the conditions carefully. Remember that no answers to this Contest are to be submitted before Joan's return from Europe, on June 24th.

This Is Joan's Fifth Letter—Watch for the Mistakes

DEAR EDITOR:

I have known my greatest thrill! Indeed, what *inspiration* can life hold for me that will equal a visit to the Trench of the Bayonets at Château-Thierry, where General Pershing said, "They shall not pass!"

Every inch of the war front that I have visited is *haunted* with memories of those brave men like General Joffre, Admiral Dewey, Field Marshal Haig, and General Custer, who fought and bled in the Great War for democracy! I saw the *very* spot at St. Mihiel where the charge of the Light Brigade took place, and the little château at Vimy Ridge where Lawrence Stallings wrote "Now It Can Be Told."

Everywhere we went I discovered grim reminders of "the late unpleasantness," as Joe Squill calls the war (Joe is my principal boy friend back in Dimville, and he really is *too killing* sometimes). There is a statue erected on the Chemin des Dames (which is French for "Lovers' Lane") in memory of the Black Watch, a colored regiment who fought there.

Well I am too *thrilled* for words, and when I think that I was only eight years old during the war it makes me positively *sick!* I only hope they have another one soon so that I can do my "bit!"

Lovingly,

Joan Kinley

P. S. I wanted to fly to London in one of those Zeppelins that make regular trips, but Mother objected. My dear, she really is *too* provincial. Anyway, I'll write you from England next week.

***The winner of this Contest will be presented with a six-weeks' trip from any point in the United States or Canada to France and England and return—with* ALL EXPENSES PAID, FOR TWO PEOPLE.**

There will be a second prize of $250 in cash, a third prize of $150, and a fourth prize of $100.

Conditions

ONE of Joan's letters will appear each week for eight consecutive weeks, commencing May 6th and closing June 24th. In each letter will be errors and inaccuracies in her descriptions of routes, places, directions, etc., and on detection of these mistakes, not grammatical errors, or the use of slang, the Contest is based.

In order to compete it will be necessary to send in at one time the complete set of her letters (or exact typewritten copies) with your correction of each error plainly marked on its letter or on an accompanying sheet of paper.

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors in Joan's letters and who writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." This essay, which must not exceed three hundred words in length, is to be enclosed with the corrected letters.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE *Office between 9 A.M. on June 24th and 12 noon on July 13th. No answers received at any other time will be considered as competing in the Contest.*

Use one side of paper only, with your name and address in upper left-hand corner of each sheet; both essay and corrections to be typewritten or very plainly written; full first-class postage prepaid thereon, and sent to Joan Kinley, LIFE, *598 Madison Avenue, New York.*

Announcement of the winners will appear in the August 5th issue of LIFE.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE *in order to compete. Copies of* LIFE *may be seen at any Public Library, or free of charge at the office of publication. You may copy the letters and use the copies you have made.*

There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit.

The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE'S *staff and their families.*

The judges will be three of the editors of LIFE, *whose decision will be final.*

In case of ties the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

Questions and answers about the Travel Contest will be found on page 36

FINAL EXAMINATIONS AT STONEHENGE UNIVERSITY

Prof. Skinclothes: THE FIRST MAN CAUGHT CRIBBING WILL HAVE HIS PAPERS THROWN IN THE RIVER, AND WILL BE EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE.

Tabloid Commencement

(Suitable for "Any Institution")

CLASSMATES and friends, we have met here this afternoon to say farewell to these sacred and well-loved halls (rooms, corridors, buildings) which have for so long been the unmoved and patient witnesses of...

Four years ago, on a sunny afternoon in mid-September (October), the class of 1926 was born, shivering and ignorant, into a world which seemed populated exclusively with sneering sophomores. That year the sophomores seemed to us very wise, but soon we were to find...

In one corner of the room I seemed to see Elizabeth Kraus, sitting next to Fred Hadley. She was powdering her nose, as usual. Presently it seemed as if Irene Slawson were coming into the room. I looked at her and, sure enough, right behind her was George Redd...

If you can keep your head when all about you...

I ask you all to think for a moment about the meaning of Locarno....Never before in history have such opportunities lain ready to the hands of men and women who are willing to...

The class pianist (singer) will now render "The Lucia Sextette for the Left Hand Alone" ("The End of a Perfect Day")...

The Prudent Mother: I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO LET MY DAUGHTER GO TO ANY OF THESE COLLEGE DANCES UNPROTECTED.

And to the members of the faculty we wish to express our...They will probably be glad when we are gone because they will no longer have to worry about...

Let us rise and sing the song of our Alma Mater. The words are printed on the backs of the...

The benediction will be pronounced by the Rev. ——, father of...

Sam Moore.

Business Is Good

JEWELERS, city clerks, interior decorators, modistes, caterers, printers, realtors, musicians, clergymen, engravers, furniture dealers, florists, milliners and credit men believe this country is on the eve of a new era of prosperity.

As this expression of optimism is due to the advent of the June bride, perambulator manufacturers and divorce lawyers will issue their statements later. *Bill Sykes.*

Regrets

HE: The editor says that lack of space alone prevents him from accepting my manuscript.

SHE: And is the rejection slip blurred much—with hot, blinding tears?

"Aloma of the South Seas"

WHEN any highly touted lady is drafted from the stage and thrust bodily upon the screen, the wiseacres sit back and cock their ears for the pleasant reverberations of that dull, sickening thud which always follows a spectacular flop. Such a listening chorus was present in full force when Gilda Gray—the most highly paid of all the theatrical working girls—burst into the movies.

They heard an emphatic sound, all right—but it was not the sound of a falling body landing limply on a hard surface. It was the sound of a bell that had been rung in no uncertain manner.

Yes, Miss Gray is unquestionably there, and if she isn't now a legitimate film star, worthy of her place on the electric signs and of the fabulous salary she receives, then I am Francis X. Bushman's paternal grandfather (the one from whom he derived his looks).

GILDA GRAY'S first picture is called "Aloma of the South Seas"—and it rates as the most effective mass of hokum that has been seen since "Way Down East." It possesses not one atom of truth, and almost no drama (artificial or otherwise), but it is liberally endowed with intense, glamourous beauty in its backgrounds, in its photography and, above everything else, in Miss Gray. There is one scene, in particular, in which she dances against a clouded tropical sky, which deserves to be classified as thrilling.

The fair Gilda's Slavic blondness is obscured behind an excellent tan make-up, and her impeccable form is seen to good advantage; but that isn't all, by any means. She possesses spontaneity, easy grace, restraint and, surprisingly enough, dignity. On the screen she bears a remarkable resemblance to Pauline Starke, but her method is distinctly her own.

ASIDE from Gilda Gray, and the photography by Harry Fishbeck, "Aloma of the South Seas" is shop-worn stuff. Maurice Tourneur, who directed it, displays his usual eye for beauty—but little else. The supporting cast includes Percy Marmont, as one of those unshaven white men who are washed up on the sands of the South Seas; Warner Baxter, as a nice Nordic Samoan; Julanne Johnston, as a dumb society girl; William Powell, as an opulent cad, and Harry T. Morey in the same rôle that he played in "Where the Pavement Ends."

If you see "Aloma of the South Seas"—and you should—don't let it get any farther than your optic nerve. Up to that point it's marvelous; but if you let it seep through to your intelligence, you'll find that there's nothing there—and that's no reflection on you, either.

"The Wilderness Woman"

IN "The Wilderness Woman" is an expert performance by Chester Conklin; also some interesting views of New York (interesting, that is, to those who would be interested in views of New York). Otherwise, there is just a hodgepodge of box-office elements: cabarets, clothes, mechanical gags and legs.

It is the story of an Alaskan prospector, suddenly in possession of one million dollars, who takes his daughter and a trick bear to visit Manhattan Island. It is meant to be hilariously funny; so far as Mr. Conklin is concerned, it accomplishes its object.

One of the subtitles quotes (without credit) Will Fields' celebrated line, "Never give a sucker an even break"—indicating that the old army game is not unknown in the movies.

"Money Talks"

IT is not often that one finds a movie that possesses *all* the known forms of offensive vulgarity, but "Money Talks" comes close to that enviable achievement.

It includes (*a*) a drunken comedian who punctuates every remark with a hiccough, (*b*) several realistic views of sea-sickness, (*c*) a great deal of heavy-handed fun-making at the expense of some aged invalids, and (*d*) a female impersonation by the hero, with some deliciously subtle humor based on his difficulties in getting into a pair of corsets.

I could probably add to this if I had seen the rest of the picture; but the corset scene in "Money Talks" drove me out into the night. I should like to quote some of the subtitles also—but they, happily enough, are forgotten at the moment of going to press.

Let it be recorded that "Money Talks" is a cheap, discreditable movie—produced, incidentally, by the same company that sponsored "The Big Parade."

R. E. Sherwood.

The Triumph of a Principle

Eager Thousands Giving the New, 90-Degree, Eight-Cylinder Cadillac The Greatest Success in Its History

The buying habits of American motorists are undergoing a profound change and reaching up to something better. The new thousands who are aligning themselves with the old Cadillac army are symptomatic of a general disposition to seek and find quality which is sound and assured. ¶ A new triumph is being spontaneously accorded to the time-proven Cadillac principle of manufacturing—hold fast to that which is good and strive constantly for the very best attainable. ¶ The effort to supplant Cadillac in public confidence has dwindled steadily through the years—Now Cadillac finds itself almost alone in its own fine field with new thousands flocking to the Cadillac standard.

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NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FISHER

For birthday or graduation

What could be more appropriate as a token of friendship than a set of Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry? There is something, too, about a dress set which makes it an exquisite and rather intimate gift. It is worn at the times and in the clothes in which men look and feel their best.

The recognized form for correct evening jewelry is as follows: *the vest buttons must always match the studs and links.* This is absolutely essential for tuxedo or full dress wear.

Name of a dealer near you and style booklet with correct dress chart will be sent upon request.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J.

This link shows the design of Full Dress Set illustrated—No. 1488, White Mother-of-Pearl Centers, Rolled White Gold Plate Rims. Consists of pair of links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons. Price, complete, $11.50.

Krementz

Correct Evening Jewelry

Recompense

I LOVE the man that invented these automatic coin-grabbing machines.

I have squandered $74.88 in a vain struggle to get chewing gum.

It has set me back $214.31 to find out what I do not weigh.

One-cent paper drinking cups cost me, on an average, a little over six cents each.

I have poured $17.94 into mechanical shoe-brushers and all I ever got was broken laces and grease spots on my trousers.

Of the money I have spent in automats $195.20 totally failed to unlock the door I howled without.

Even the subway balks on me now and again.

But that's all right—the man that thought up this system is a good scout and a nice fellow.

Yesterday a pay telephone gave me back a nickel that wasn't coming to me. *Edward Lee Gordy.*

Our Jungular Vein

MRS. HIPPO: What caused the commotion at your boarding house this morning?

MRS. RHINO: That elephant tried to take out his trunk without paying his bill.

Why Education Pays

Report of heroic feat of Joey Scruggs, ex-chauffeur of an ice truck, written by Harold J. Wallinger, Bull Durham '24, assistant sports editor of the "Transcript-Spokesman."

JUPITER smacking the Titans with thunderbolts, Wellington showering raspberries on the Napoleonic mob, Alaric mopping up the mighty Romans, David maltreating Goliath—all these became so many Aunt Elsies last night when "Strychnine" Scruggs, battered to a pulp for nine rounds, copped the roosterweight title in the tenth by squirting a nasty right hook into "Tomato" Paulson's front gable....

Gerald Cosgrove.

Starting next week—

A new and intimate series of reminiscences on the Gay Twenties—

"The Henna Decade"—

by Robert Benchley (author of "Love Conquers All," "Pluck and Luck," "David Copperfield," etc.), illustrated in the manner of the period by John Held, Jr.

* * *

ALSO—further developments in the lives of

"The Younger Married Set"

by George S. Chappell, with Gluyas Williams's illustrations.

* * *

AND—another letter from Joan Kinley (now in London) for

TRAVEL CONTESTANTS

* * *

Next week's cover, entitled "A LOOK BEFORE SHE LEAPS," *is by a new* LIFE *artist—L. T. Holton.*

There is also a double-page cartoon by C. D. Gibson

FISHER BODIES

Beauty, good taste, grace of design, and long enduring body value are the attributes of cars that bear the emblem—Body by Fisher. In every price class, a Body by Fisher gives complete assurance of the soundest possible investment in closed car comfort and luxury

BODY by FISHER

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Inspector (to fortune-teller): NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHAT I CAME FOR.
—*La Voz (Madrid).*

Short Story

THE man crawled from under the wrecked car and got to his feet. He had escaped miraculously with only some injury to his right ear, but they took him to a hospital to have the hurt examined.

The doctor peered into the injured member, probed and peered again. "Yes," he said at length, "you have punctured the wall of your ear."

The patient moaned.

"The very ears have walls," he said miserably.

They rushed him at once to the observation ward.

—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Heir Apparent

FROM a Fifth Grade essay—"The Prince of Wales was born in England. He wanted to ride on the horses-back but the horses did not like him and layed down on him, so some day he will be king."
—*Woodstown (N. J.) Monitor-Register.*

She Walked Straight On

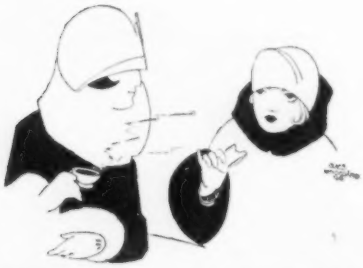
CURB CRUISER: Going my way?

DAMSEL: No. I get a harp at the end of mine.—*Toronto Telegram.*

"HE'S a popular hero."

"What crimes has he committed?"

—*Buffalo Express.*



"ADOLPHUS IS GETTING REALLY TERRIBLE. YESTERDAY HE REFUSED ME A NEW DINNER GOWN AND THIS MORNING HE REFUSED ME THE SAME GOWN ALL OVER AGAIN."
—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

A Policeman's Lot

"Yes, we have our troubles," complained a park policeman the other day. "For instance, there's Mrs. ——, who has donated a marble bird bath. Only yestiddy she called me over and told me it was for sparrows and not to allow any other birds to bathe in it!"

—*New York Sun.*

Art with Information

So many lovely ads abound
To banish every care,
My radio begins to sound
Like billboards in the air.

—*Washington Star.*

"TH' Prince of Wales hain't on th' water wagon or we'd hear about it now an' then."

— *Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*

"HELP! SAVE ME! I CAN'T SWIM! I'LL DROWN!"

"I'M TAKING MY CLOTHES OFF, BUT I CAN'T SWIM EITHER!"

—*Excelsior (Mexico City).*

How to Keep Well

I HAD been obliged to remonstrate with my niece for keeping late hours. "My dear old thing," she replied, "don't you realize how dangerous it is to go to bed right on top of a heavy breakfast?"

—*Eve (London).*

Battle, Murder, Etc.

EDITOR (*rummaging through pile of copy*): What have we got this morning from our war correspondent in Chicago?

—*Detroit News.*

Mystified

"PAPA says," observed Denis, "he isn't punishing me for his pleasure. Then whose pleasure *is* he punishing me for?"

—*L'Echo de Paris.*

SIGN in a Negro shoe-repair shop:
"NO LOFFING ALOUD."

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

COLLEGIATE version—"I'd love to see a fellow flunk a pipe."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

METEMPSYCHOSIS

"I JUST SWALLOWED A FLY!"

"HOW DISGUSTING!"

"DISGUSTING—IT'S HORRIBLE! IT MAY BE THE SOUL OF MY DEPARTED WIFE, IN WHICH CASE, MASHALLAH, I KNOW I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO DIGEST IT!"

—*Le Monde Colonial (Paris).*

Life Is Like This!

ITEM in the St. Mary's *Beacon*—"Mr. Bennie Unkle is ill with measles. The girls are anxious for his recovery so they can ride in his Ford roadster."

—*Baltimore Sun.*

Parthian

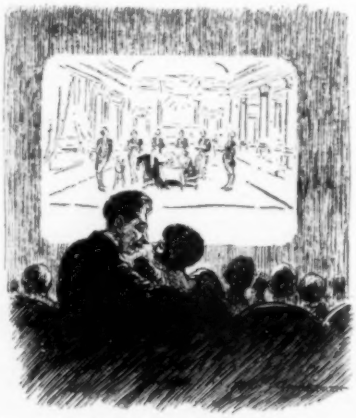
SHOPKEEPER: I suppose you could teach me how to run my business, eh?

DEPARTING CUSTOMER: Probably. But it would take time.—*Punch.*

MAN (*at telephone*): Zander! Zander! Z! Z! No, not C! ABCDEFGHIJKLM NOPQRSTUVWXYZ!!

—*California Pelican.*

IN his shop window, a Brighton barber advertises himself as "Antisceptic." This reads like "Believe or you won't be shaved."—*Ideas (London).*



Sweet Maiden (to her boy, who has proposed marriage): BUT CAN YOU SUPPORT ME IN THE MANNER TO WHICH THE MOVIES HAVE ACCUSTOMED ME?

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

The Mother Business

A WOMAN who is so fashionable that she is almost a stranger to her little son decided that it was about time she became acquainted with him. She read old books about the things mothers used to do, such as singing lullabys and rocking to sleep. And then, one night, she sent her nurse out, and stayed at home, just for a new sensation. She crept into her little son's bedroom, and began to croon, as she pushed the bed about, "Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top."

The child turned a wondering eye on her, and then, shifting his position, said sleepily:

"I say, cut that stuff out, Mother. A fellow wants to get some sleep."

The next night she was at the Mixed Vermouth as usual.—*London Express.*

That Fallen Franc

BEGGAR: Mister, let me have half a dollar, will you? I want to spend a couple of weeks in France.

—*New York Sun.*

"THAT'S me all over," said the workman as he dropped the dynamite.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

CONSTANCY

Phyllis (of the modern school): AND WILL YOU LOVE ME ALWAYS, DARLING?

Percy: OF COURSE, SWEETHEART!

Phyllis: AND EVEN AFTER WE'RE DIVORCED?

—*Gentlewoman & Modern Life (London).*

From the Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

THIS day comes E. Dallis to see me from Atlanta, and tells me how they do not have daylight saving time in Albany, Ga., where he dwells, and there is a clock there that strikes the hour, and a Negro woman at his home who says, "Eleven o'clock all over the world." "Nay," quoth her mistress, "it is 12 o'clock in New York and 9 o'clock in Denver and 8 o'clock in San Francisco." "Well," said the ancient Negro woman, "thank the Lord I live in a town where 11 o'clock is 11 o'clock."

—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

At the Post Office

POSTAL CLERK: There's an excess of two cents in stamps on this letter.

OLD WOMAN: My land! I only hope it won't go too far.—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

"PA, what is condescension?"

"A bootlegger drinking with a customer."—*Buffalo Express.*

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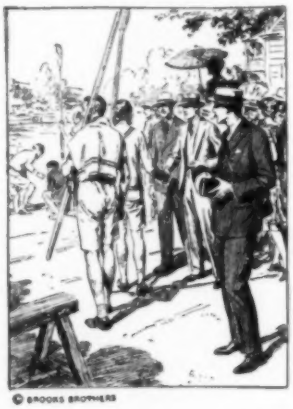

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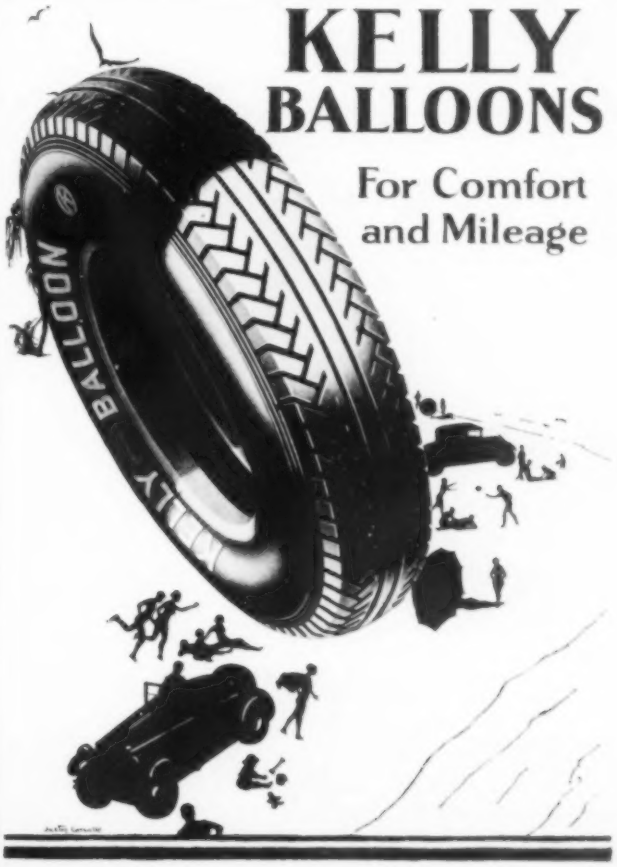
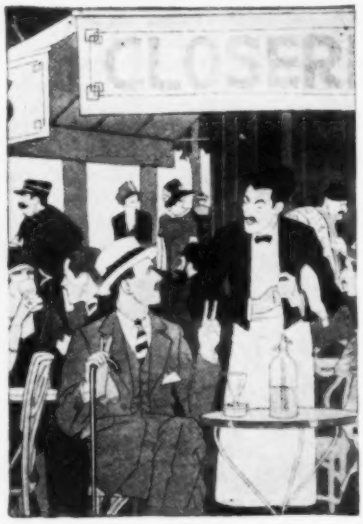
KELLY BALLOONS

For Comfort and Mileage





A Short Vacation in France

No more expensive than your usual vacation

TODAY... with fast French Liners plying the Atlantic ... every one can see France! Business or social engagements may allow only three or four weeks vacation during July and August... but even a fortnight could mean a few happy and worth-while days in Paris.

Too, there's the ocean voyage to consider. It is a vacation in itself. Rest or pleasure ... whatever you desire, it is yours. And the service, cuisine and decorations are unsurpassed. Sail to Plymouth, England, on the de Luxe Paris or France... then to Havre, the port of Paris. Or go direct to Havre, on a One-Class Cabin Liner, the De Grasse, Rochambeau, La Savoie or Suffren. No transferring to tenders ... just down the gangplank... and three hours by train to Paris.

Paris! And all France within easy distance. The colorful chateau country... quaint Brittany ... Dinard and Biarritz ... all are at the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world". A fascinating country... it can be enjoyed at no greater cost than your usual vacation.

Information from any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office

French Line

19 State Street, New York City

Agencies in Principal Cities throughout the World

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page 17*)

Canute. So leaving him to his lamentations, I did fare forth to my oculist, struggling to answer truthfully when he asked me if this, that and the other lens made my vision better or worse, one of the hardest things in life to determine, methinks, and then to a luncheon of my sex at Mary Martin's, and during the course of the meal the waitress who was following with the vegetables suddenly dropped the asparagus platter to the floor and fled from the room in tears, to our natural astonishment, but it developed that Amy Banks had chanced to mention elephants, which have been a phobia with the poor girl since the day in her infancy when she was almost trod upon by one at a circus. Of course, quoth Mary, I can't say to every guest who comes in, Don't say anything about elephants, it being a subject on the avoidance of which I might just as well take my chances. Falling to cards thereafter, I did gain three dollars and fifty cents, and during the play Marge Boothby, capturing an opponent's King with a lowly trey, remarked, Kind hearts are more than coronets, especially when they happen to be trumps.... To the playhouse this night to see Mistress Alice Brady in "Bride of the Lamb," a moving exposition of the frequent confusion of sex and religious hysteria, and considered the scene wherein the child Vernie staged an impromptu prayer-meeting one of the most amusing that ever I beheld in my life.... Home to read for a while in "Lolly Willowes," and so to bed. *Baird Leonard.*

An Author Speaks

I AM young and really do not know life. I can name at least fifteen writers who are better than I am. I do not believe my work will live, for it is just hack work—clever enough for the passing fancy. Nor do I believe it is within my power, even with years of study, to produce a piece of literature.

My characters are unreal and my dialogue is false. The plot, which you may credit to my imagination, is merely the revamping of a tale which appeared in a magazine years ago and has now been forgotten by every one. I really believe that I ought to be a real-estate salesman instead of an author. *Sidney Skolsky.*

P. S.—My press agent advised me to say this after he read Sinclair Lewis's speech and noticed how the sale of "Arrowsmith" went up.

REPUBLICAN publicity is on the wane. No one claimed that President Coolidge helped settle the English strike by refraining from interference.

SAND PILES! They're for children to play in.

So why handicap your tee shots by shooting off the sand?

For clean hands and clean drives, play off

Just stick it in the turf and s-h-o-o-t

Ask for Reddy Tees by name. Play the yellow or the red. Both winners, both "Reddy." One piece, and white birch from tip to cup.

25¢ FOR A BOX OF 18

The Nieblo Manufacturing Co., Inc.

38 East 23rd Street, New York

HARVARD has decided to admit new students on a basis of character, personality and promise. It seems, though, that the authorities have forgotten the chief attribute of desirability: Can you catch a forward pass?

EUROPE TOURS

piloted by an old American firm. — 59 to 85 days. — June to Sept. — $835 up. Student Tours of Economy — $395 up.

GATES TOURS 225 5th Ave. New York

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $995
f. o. b. Detroit

Supremacy in Fine Steel

In the percentage of Costly Chrome Vanadium Steel used, Dodge Brothers Motor Car outranks any other automobile in the World, *regardless of cost.*

It is everywhere conceded that Chrome Vanadium Steel is the toughest and most enduring metal ever created for use in the vital parts of a motor car.

It may not be so well known, however, that Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranks *first in the world* in the use of this costly and fatigue-proof material.

Dodge Brothers power assembly is almost entirely Chrome Vanadium—motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential and rear axle.

Even the front axle is Chrome Vanadium—the entire steering unit—and *every* leaf of the springs.

In fact, wherever *any* manufacturer uses alloy steels, Dodge Brothers use costly Chrome Vanadium. And in numerous instances Dodge Brothers employ it where plain carbon steel, even in the costliest cars, is commonly thought sufficient.

This has been true from the day Dodge Brothers built their first motor car.

This explains why the words *Long Life, Safety* and *Dependability* are habitually associated with the name Dodge Brothers wherever motor cars are serving mankind.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

the Indian detour

new rail and motor way to and from California

In no other way can you hope to see so much of a vast, fascinating region in so short a time, and with the same economy, the same comfort.

A three days' personally conducted motor trip through oldest America, visiting ancient Indian pueblos and prehistoric cliff dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies, between Las Vegas and Albuquerque, and forming a part of the transcontinental rail journey.

Only $45, with everything provided—meals, lodging and motor transportation—under expert Santa Fe-Fred Harvey management.

There will be optional side trips and "land cruises" in charge of specially trained couriers, for those who wish to extend their travels off-the-beaten-path.

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys.,
1110-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Am planning a trip to.....
this summer and would be glad to receive detailed information about the Indian-detour.

Name.....

Address.....

Among the New Books

A Casual Commentary. By Rose Macaulay (*Boni & Liveright*). A leading satirist sets forth her views on many and divers subjects. To be reviewed next week.

The Old Home Town. By Rupert Hughes (*Harper*). What the invasion of some dashing young men from the East, enlisted by a great engineering project, did to a sleepy Iowa town.

Cyclops' Eye. By Joseph Auslander (*Harper*). A book of verse.

The Crater. By Robert Gore-Browne (*Doran*). According to the jacket, three lives hung on the edge of a terrifying emotional abyss, with darkest and most dangerous Africa as a background.

The Tents of Jacob. By Hyman Cohen (*McBride*). The novel of a Jewish village in White Russia wherein the inhabitants achieve a peace and unity denied the less fortunate members of their race.

Dean Briggs. By Rollo Walter Brown (*Harper*). The biography of a great college administrator.

Lonesome Road. By Paul Green (*McBride*). Six plays for the Negro Theatre.

Travel Charts and Travel Chats. By Frederick L. Collins (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The trips the author took and what they cost him. Extremely interesting.

When James Gordon Bennett Was Caliph of Bagdad. By Albert Stevens Crockett (*Funk & Wagnalls*). The manners, morals and personalities of not-so-long-ago set down in a readable and informing fashion.

Count Bruga. By Ben Hecht (*Boni & Liveright*). The latest literary lark of a provocative pen.

The Breeze in the Moonlight. Translated from the Chinese by George Soulié de Morant and H. Bedford-Jones. (*Putnam*). "The second book of genius." For Oriental fans.

This Charming Green Hat Fair. By Barry Pain (*Adelphi*). Parody which falls considerably short.

The Painted Stallion. By Hal G. Evarts (*Little, Brown*). There is a picture of a cowboy on the cover.

The Misty Curtain. By Norman H. Pakeman (*Stockwell, London*). Another warm romance of Africa.

Singing Rawhides. By Harold Hersey. With drawings by Jerry Delano (*Doran*). A book of Western ballads.

High Country. By Courtney Ryley Cooper (*Little, Brown*). All about the Rocky Mountains, past and present.

A Brazilian Tenement. By Aluizio Azevedo (*McBride*). Translated by Harry W. Brown. A leading South American man of letters pictures the life of an outcast Brazilian community of the eighties. *B. L.*

Block That Neck!

(*From "The Michigan Alumnus"*)

"FIGURES taken from the books of several local dance halls by The Daily show that approximately $80,000 yearly is a conservative estimate of the amount spent for dances by the students of the University. This is $20,000 less than the amount spent by the students of the University of Wisconsin, according to a recent report of that institution, which claims the Conference championship in 'fussing,' due to the fact that $100,000 is spent every year by Wisconsin students for dancing and like amusements."

Quebec!

The City of the Quaint

Here beside the St. Lawrence, Champlain came and built. Snug Normandy *maisons* sprung up within the battlements. It was *France* these people brought....and Old France is here today. Its ox-drawn ploughs and dog-drawn carts. Even to the castle on the heights, the scene is of three centuries ago. But—this castle is the Chateau Frontenac. Within, all that the twentieth century knows of comfort awaits you. Reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue at 44th Street, New York; 71 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago; 405 Boylston Street, Boston; or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

Bienvenue à Québec

REED & BARTON

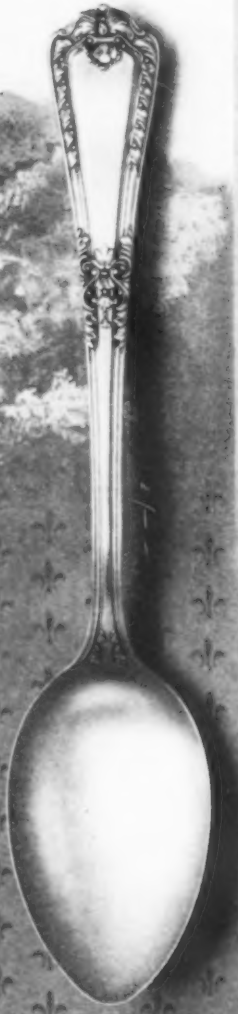
Reminiscent of the Golden Days of Old France

HERITAGE Pattern, in Reed & Barton Solid Silver, has reached the very peak of popularity among lovers of good silver everywhere. Heritage is beautiful—in form, in decorative design and in the gentle atmosphere of culture and charm that it radiates. It represents Reed & Barton's interpretation of the prevailing decorative motifs of the French Regency period. Heritage is produced by those famous masters of silver-craft who ply their art under the Reed & Barton century-old name, at Taunton. What a heritage indeed for the bride of June—the bridal month! Your jeweler will be glad to show you this and other Reed & Barton patterns.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASS.

All dinner, dessert and breakfast knives have the new Mirrorstele blades, (reg. trade mark applied for)

Heritage coffee pot, sugar and cream



Heritage tea spoon (actual size)

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA"

5th Annual Cruise de Luxe

To the

MEDITERRANEAN

EGYPT - HOLY LAND - NEAR EAST

Sailing
Jan. 26—66 Days
Limited to 400 Guests

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Palermo, Messina, Taormina, Syracuse, Malta, Constantinople, Greece, Venice, Naples, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England.

The cruise of the magnificent 20,000-ton "Scythia" to the Mediterranean, under special charter, has become an annual classic. In every respect it is unsurpassed. Prearranged shore excursions at every port included in the rate. Finest hotels and the best of everything. Unusually long stay, at the height of the season, in Egypt and Palestine.

Luxury Cruises to the **WEST INDIES** by luxurious **S. S. "Veendam"**
Sailings Jan., Feb., March
Frank Tourist Co. in cooperation with Holland-America Line

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line Steamer.

Full information on request. Early reservation advisable.

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542 Fifth Ave., New York
1529 Locust St., Philadelphia 33 Devonshire St., Boston
At Bank of America, Los Angeles
582 Market St., San Francisco

Questions and Answers on the Travel Contest

ANY one who desires to compete in the Travel Contest, and is not quite sure of the conditions, should write to the Travel Contest Editor, LIFE, *598 Madison Avenue, New York City. We shall be glad to answer any questions concerning the conditions of this Contest.*

Q. In connection with the three-hundred-word essay on "What I Shall See in Europe," should this cover just France and England, or all Europe?—G. J., Westfield, N. J.

A. **This essay may cover any part of Europe, or all of it. The itinerary for the winner of the Contest has not been decided as yet, and no definite arrangements will be made until the winner has been selected and his or her preferences are known.**

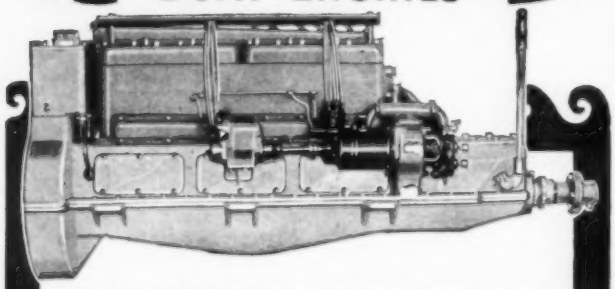
Q. Must we actually correct the errors in Joan's letters, or is it enough merely to indicate that they *are* errors?—H. H., Peoria, Ill.

A. **Contestants must correct the errors in Joan's letters. For instance, if she says, "I visited Westminster Abbey in Paris," contestants should explain that Westminster Abbey is in London, not Paris.**

Q. Are we to send in our corrections to Joan's letters one at a time, or must we send them in all at once?—R. T. E., Los Angeles, Calif.

A. **Send in your corrections of all Joan's eight letters at one time, marking each separate sheet with your name and address, and enclosing your essay with them. Joan's last letter will be published in the June 24th issue of LIFE, and you may send your answers in any time between then and July 13th, when the Contest closes.**

KERMATH
BOAT ENGINES



The pleasure, the keen joy that you derive from an outing in your launch is largely dependent upon your power plant—upon the absence of any little annoying troubles, and the smoothness and evenness of its operation.

On the above basis you will find a Kermath Marine Motor the most constant and reliable companion that you can have with you on your trips—whether they be short pleasure trips or fishing and hunting trips of many days' duration.

For small or medium size launches the 1 and 2 Cylinder Kermaths of from 3 to 10 H.P. are ideal. Their economy of operation is phenomenal, while all around up-keep costs are amazingly low.

Write us for full details and specifications.

3 to 150 H.P.—$135 to $2150

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5870 Commonwealth Ave.	Detroit, Mich.
11 E. Wellington Ave.	Toronto, Ont.
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A Kermath Always Runs

for Those

who wish to obtain back numbers of LIFE, containing Joan's first four letters, the coupon below will prove useful.

Joan's first letter appeared in the May 6th issue; her second letter in the May 13th issue; her third letter in the May 20th issue, and her fourth letter in the May 27th issue.

Enclose 15 cents with the coupon for each issue that you desire, or

One dollar will bring you ten issues and enable you to follow the Contest from start to finish. If you wish your ten-weeks' subscription to start with the May 6th issue, or any of the succeeding issues, you may designate this on the coupon.

LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find ..... cents for the following issues:
☐ May 6th; ☐ May 13th; ☐ May 20th; ☐ May 27th

or

Enclosed please find One Dollar (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40) for ten weeks' subscription to LIFE, to begin with the ..... issue.

.....

.....

.....

Fair femininity switches cigarette smoker to a pipe

It is always interesting to hear how pipe smokers come to discover their favorite tobacco.

Ed Maher frankly admits there's a "she" in his case. And to her he gives the credit for his present pipe-smoking enjoyment.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I happen to be a student at the University of California, and since I first started to smoke I have always smoked cigarettes.

One day SHE said to me, "Ed, dear, why don't you smoke a pipe? I think those long, straight-stemmed pipes are so much more manly-looking than cigarettes."

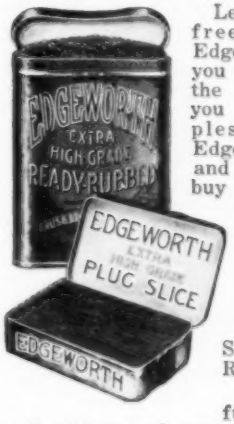
So, naturally, I had to buy a long-stemmed pipe and a can of—well, we'll call it "Blubs Mixture Tobacco." Immediately, with a certain feeling of pride in my new pipe, I "lighted up" and proceeded to have my tongue bitten. I tried almost every brand I had ever heard of, but none satisfied me.

Sadly, I had to confess to HER that as a pipe smoker I was a good dietitian.

"Did you try Edgeworth?" she asked. "That is what dad smokes, and he's always smoked a pipe."

So to make a long story short, I was forced to try Edgeworth, and all that I can say is that if every fellow that has tried to accustom himself to a pipe, started with Edgeworth, there would be very few that would go back to cigarettes.

Yours sincerely,
Ed Maher, 1731 Hayes St., San Francisco.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 R S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two- dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

Our Own Correspondence Course in Joke Manufacturing

(Including the Free Set of Jokes Which Comes with Every Course)

LESSON ONE—The simplest type of joke is that involving children and their common little mistakes in their use of grammar. If you have children, this lesson is, of course, all the easier. Observe your sons and daughters closely and you may catch something like this:

PARENT: What is the difference between the radio and the telegraph?

CHILD: Why, er—

PARENT: Correct.

LESSON TWO—Lesson One should naturally suggest another joke. This ability to get from one joke a suggestion for another marks the real humorist, and, with the experience gained from the previous lesson, you should be able to detect at once the possibility of that other joke. Referring to the "wire," of course. Here is the second type:

ELECTRICIAN: Wire your home, madam?

MADAM: Well, can't I stay in my own house?

LESSON THREE—If the student is still alive, he should proceed to something more difficult. This is the standard for the third type:

SHE: Don't you love this dance?

HE: No, wait till we go home.

(*Note:* This should suggest the one about loving Coles Phillips' women, but that is pretty old.)

LESSON FOUR—This fourth type can be presented in two ways. The question is, "Can you give me a sentence using the word 'vicious'?" Now the ordinary humorist would have for a reply, "Ye gods and little vicious." But the sophisticate—or the graduate of this course—will readily see that such an answer is not so good. It is much better to introduce the surprise element with an answer such as, "See the vicious bulldog!"

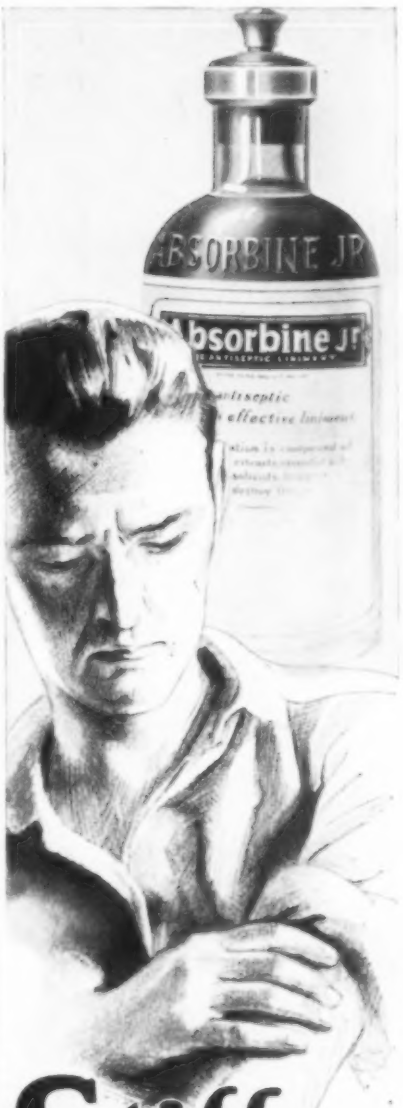
LESSON FIVE—This fifth type is the most difficult of all. Here is a sample. If you can see the point within three minutes, you are a success as a humorist.

"Can you make a grapefruit?"

"Naw, it is already."

Having finished this course, you may now receive a diploma as a first-class humorist. (Send five bucks for diploma.) Now, as was promised in our catalogue with every course, we present free to our graduates a list of rib-tickling answers to that famous question, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

(*Continued on page* 38)



Stiff Muscles

Here's quick relief

APPLY Absorbine, Jr.! Let it make sore, lame muscles limber again. The relief from congestion comes quickly.

As Absorbine, Jr. penetrates in the affected area, the circulation responds to the hurry call for reserves. The pain and aches are routed!

Take *the magic bottle* along when going away, to relieve sunburn, insect bites and stings, ivy poisoning, cuts and bruises.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

No. 1711 has the smart "apple bowl". A sporty looker, and a mighty friendly, comfortable pipe.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

If you enjoy an ordinary pipe, you'll enjoy the Milano more. It is a beautiful product of craftsmen whose aim is to *increase your smoke-pleasure.* Its bowl is hand-fashioned from century-mellowed Italian briar, the coolest and sweetest used in pipe making. Why not get the most there is from smoking, by smoking the best there is in pipes?

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, $3.50 up. Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are *"Insured"* for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"
"It's a W D C"
WDC TRADE MARK
Policy No. 51239 covering one WDC MILANO

The Modern Girl Discusses a Book

"I'VE been reading something simply fascinating—that thing about, you know—life in the Foreign Legion or something—and some kind of gem or something—you know—what was the name of it? No, that wasn't it—no, I forget who wrote it but it was *simply fascinating,* my dear! No—that was something else, wasn't it? That one where she drowned herself or something—that was frightfully gruesome, wasn't it? No, I forget what it was called and I can't remember who wrote it, but you know—it was that man who wrote—you know—that thing about Russia or something....But you *must* read this other one, my dear—*really,* it's simply fascinating....There's a French officer or something in it who is the most *marvelous* character—I forget his name—no, that's not it—it begins with B or G or something—*actually,* my dear, it's the most fascinating book I've read in *years!"*

Lloyd Mayer.

The Sitting Outrage

SHE: Cocktails make me sleepy—don't they you?

HE: Yeah—terrible!

SHE: They never make me the least bit—do they you?

HE: No—never—not the least bit....

SHE: Don't you really think there always will be drinking?

HE: Yeah, I hope so—I mean I sure do.

SHE: Aren't you simply mad about that tune they're playing?

HE: Yeah—'s a knockout.

SHE: Dancing nowadays is perfectly awful, don't you think?

HE: Yeah, 's awful.

SHE: I simply adore it, don't you?

HE (*desperately*): Yeah—le's dance.

L. M.

Our Own Correspondence Course in Joke Manufacturing

(*Continued from page 37*)

1. It must have been two other fellows.
2. That wasn't no lady—that was Julian Eltinge.
3. Aw, I bet you didn't see us.
4. Where?
5. That wasn't no ladle, that was my knife.
6. You mean this morning?
7. Do you want a sock in the jaw?
8. That was my uncle from Scotland.
9. Huh?
10. Your wife.

(Correspondence courses are now available in Rum-Running, Petting, Charleston, Polygamy, and Crime.)

E. Scott Hamill.

Spend Your Pleasure Hours on the Water

in a *Hackercraft*

Our illustrated folder tells you how you can enjoy this thrilling recreation, and gives interesting details of our various models. Send for it.

HACKER and FERMANN
6302 E. Jefferson Ave. ~ Detroit

Your home in
CLEVELAND

Your home there, to be perfect, should be in the center of theatre, shopping, and business districts. It should be on all the main motor routes, and have complete garage facilities too. It should have a popular-priced Coffee Shop served by the same kitchen as the luxurious main dining room. It should have 600 large, outside rooms, all with bath. Its rates should be from three dollars. The service goes without saying. We mean the Winton, of course.

J. L. FREE, *President*
W. STILES KOONES
Managing Director

HOTEL
WINTON
Cleveland
PROSPECT AT NINTH

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Write for Free Book "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

It will tell you many things you should know.

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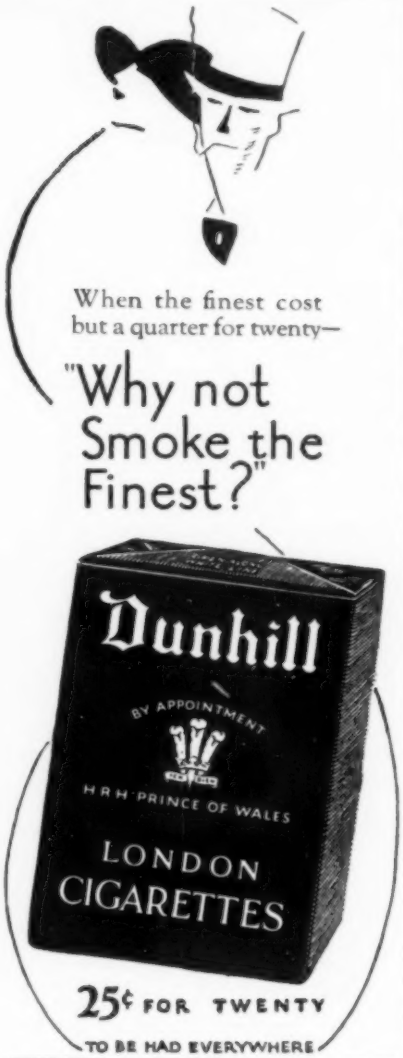
H Clay Glover Co., Inc.
119-121 Fifth Ave.
New York City.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers



The Real Stuff

"THE bartender smashed six bottles of whisky on the floor when I entered the place," said the Prohibition agent.

"Ah," said the lawyer, "but you didn't taste it, smell it or analyze it, did you?"

"No; but the customers all burst into tears."

Write Your Own Head

"'The bride, at any rate, is safe to all traffic and the city will maintain the present red lanterns on either approach and at the bend until such time as the matter of maintaining the 67 lights shall be settled,' the mayor concluded."

—*Schenectady Gazette.*

Avoid Imitations

Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Portrait of a Lady

I KNOW a Lady. Trust to me
I use the term advisedly,
For plainly she is all of that
From sole of shoe to crown of hat.
She is no longer young, in truth,
Although she wears the air of youth,
And has its springing step. She is
Of age the sharp antithesis.
Her nimble mind with leaps and bounds
Is like one coursing with the hounds,
Striving to overtake some game
That runs before. It is the same
With whatsoe'er she touches on—
Things ancient as the mastodon,
Or recent as the radio.
Art—science—travel—in the flow
Of her fleet speech take vital mold
Both multiform and multifold;
And yet despite her vocal verve
You often think, with frazzled nerve,
And your brain spinning like a top,
"My God, if she would only stop!"

Clinton Scollard.

He Was Disgusted

"YEH, these rah-rah boys certainly are a pain. You know, the lads that are always doing or dying for dear old Squeedunk—the young heroes that beg with tears in their eyes to be allowed to go out on sprained ankles and be a stone wall on the two-yard line—the morons that pull on a fool oar twice as long as they ought to and then collapse dramatically as soon as they reach the finish—and, aw, the whole crowd of enthusiasts that aren't happy unless they're wrecking themselves giving to the last ounce for the old Green and Pink or whatever. It makes me discouraged about the human race every time I hear of one of these brainless nit-wits—yeh, especially these idiots who agonize around on a cinder track with their noble young lungs bursting and a pounding in their ears above which, however, they can hear the relentless beat of pursuing footsteps so that they grit their teeth yet more grimly and keep desperately on—etc., etc. If I thought my boy had any of this foolishness in him I'd drag him home and put him to work so fast— What's that? My son just won the mile for Downingham against a man supposed to be ten seconds faster? He collapsed at the finish and had to be carried to the dressing-room, but his victory won the meet for the school? Whoopee! what do you know about that? By George, the kid's certainly got the stuff! He's a chip of the old block, all right. Miss Blank—be sure and get copies of all to-morrow morning's papers. They'll have an account of the meet. Say, Bill, did I ever tell you about the time some big thug was leading me by five yards in the quarter-mile and I just stuck out my jaw and—"

Edward Lee Gordy.

Play the

SILVER KING

WHEN you come to the hole that always wrecks your score, take out a brand new Silver King—there's nothing like fighting fire with fire, psychology with psychology or an inferiority complex with a superlative golf ball . . . .

Most golfers find that they get 15 to 25 yards farther with this best of all good golf balls.

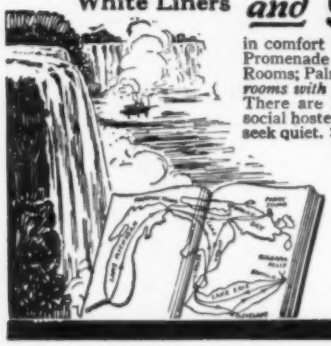
STILL A DOLLAR
no raise in the price

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Golf Distributors

A restful and exhilarating 2,200 mile trip over beautiful waterway with alluring scenery en route. Drive around historic **Mackinac Island**, see the Indians at Canadian village of **Parry Sound**. Take the sight-seeing bus at **Detroit and Chicago**. See **Cleveland**—spend a day at **Buffalo**. Gaze in wonder at **Niagara Falls**, the great cataract.

The Great Oil-Burning White Liners



North American *and* South American

in comfort and luxury are comparable with the finest Ocean Steamers. Promenade and Sun Decks of unusual width; large Grand Salon and Lounge Rooms; Palm Garden, etc. Staterooms and Parlor Rooms are *all outside rooms with windows or port holes.* Excellent meals of pleasing variety. There are Deck Games, Entertainments, Music and Dancing—with a social hostess to introduce the guests. Restful secluded nooks for those who seek quiet. Screened in playground, with attendant for the children.

Semi-Weekly Sailing from Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland & Return

Tickets bearing rail routing between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo will be honored for transit upon additional payment.

Call or write for Pamphlet at any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or

Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Company

W. H. BLACK, G. P. A. — 110 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. E. BROWN, Gen'l Agt. — 13 S. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Numbers Please!

ESPECIALLY Special Numbers. Readers of LIFE (as who isn't) will be especially pleased to know that not only one but two Special Numbers are now in process of preparation. They are the

BROADWAY NUMBER
(*Out June 17*)

HUNDRED PER CENT. AMERICAN NUMBER
(*Out July 1*)

THE one best way to get these Numbers together with eight other equally pleasing summertime issues is to utilize the handy little coupon in the corner. For one dollar ten issues of LIFE will prove a veritable summer godsend.

Obey That Impulse

LIFE
598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar. (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40)

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(414)
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By the Year, $5.00
(Canadian, $5.80; Foreign, $6.60)

Any College Hymn

"Hats Off, Everybody!"

CRMM da-daaa, du da-daaa Alma Mater thee,
Rrmm du-duuu classic halls,
Brmm la-laaa ivied walls,
Alma Mater thee!
Grmm za-zaaa hopes and fears,
Hrmm za-luuu after years,
Alma Mater theeeeeee!

John T. Winterich.

Bought Off

EVER since Mayor Walker's warning to night-club patrons that the sight of them returning home by daylight in all their finery was breeding Bolshevism among the working classes, a certain flapper of our acquaintance has been most disturbed in her mind, if you know what we mean. Finally she has hit upon a scheme which she believes solves the problem and which she hopes others like herself will "take up." Whenever she finds herself arriving home with the milkman (as the saying goes), she makes a point of hailing this toiler and ordering a gill of extra-heavy cream. The cost, she tells us, is comparatively slight, whereas the benefits in the way of keeping up cordial relations with the working class are beyond measure. "A gill of extra-heavy cream a day keeps Bolshevism away," is her quaint motto.

F. W.

Under the Skin

WILSON, Blue Sox first baseman, struck out and took a drink of water.

"Ooooh, isn't that funny?" said the young woman who was attending her first ball game. "He pushed the pole at the ball three times and got thirsty."

When all the male fans within hearing had stopped snickering they agreed that women are just plain dumb where baseball is concerned.

That evening the same fans purchased the Fifth Sports Final of the *Morning Tribune* and applauded the cleverness of the man who had written:

"Wilson took three cuts at the egg with his mace and kissed the dipper."

G. C.

Fable for Dentists

"DOCTOR," said the patient to the dentist, "I haven't a single decent excuse to offer for neglect of my teeth. I have had plenty of time to spare to have them attended to, no sickness in my family or press of business to keep me away from your office, and no lack of money to pay for the work. The truth is, I am just a plain, miserable coward."

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

ORIGINAL

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

Plain - Cork or Straw Tips

PRINCE ROBERT de BROGLIE

Scion of one of the greatest houses of the old French nobility, true grand seigneur, leader of Paris' most exclusive set.

Paris 10 Juillet 1925

Fines cigarettes, delicates au goût d'un arome delicieux; s'il est vrai que le plaisir est une fumée; grâce à vous, la fumée est un plaisir

Prince Robert de Broglie

TRANSLATION OF PRINCE de BROGLIE'S ENDORSEMENT OF MELACHRINO CIGARETTES

Fine cigarettes, delicate in taste, with a delicious aroma. If it is true that pleasure means a smoke, thanks to you smoking is a pleasure.

PRINCE ROBERT de BROGLIE

Painted by Charles Dana Gibson for Ipswich Mills.

THIS month the sweet girl graduate steps forth, Mistress of Arts, with all the world at her trim little feet.

Tradition usually determines the cut and color of her cap and gown. But Fashion says . . . "You'll wear silk stockings of course, my dear, and you needn't buy expensive ones. Let's hope someone will remember this is a good time to give you a box of Ipswich Hosiery."

Verbum sapienti. Ipswich Hosiery can be bought almost anywhere for as little as a dollar a pair, put up in 3-pair boxes, suitable for graduation presents.

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IPSWICH MILLS, *Ipswich, Mass.*

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